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FROM MALORY TO CARLYLE

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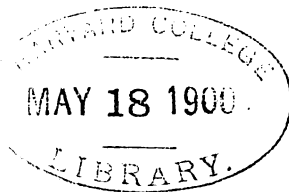
LATE LECTURER AT NEWNHAM COLLEGE AND THE
CAMBRIDGE TEACHERS' COLLEGE; EXAMINER IN ENGLISH TO THE COLLEGE OF
PRECEPTORS; PRINCIPAL OF BALIOL SCHOOL, BARNARD CASTLE

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PREFACE

This little volume contains illustrative extracts from our chief prose writers prior to the Victorian era, and is intended as a handbook of specimens to accompany a Primer of the History of English Literature, for use in the Upper Forms of Public Schools. It is not meant in any way to take the place of such a Primer, hence scarcely anything is given in the way of biographical notices, beyond the actual dates of the birth and death of the authors. For this reason also, no attempt has been made at literary criticism; but at the end of each specimen a few hints are given, indicating the lines on which the passage may be studied as an example of style. Notes on Etymology and Grammar have been likewise carefully avoided.

The period illustrated by these specimens commences with the Renaissance, or Revival of Learning under the Tudors. An exception has been made, however, in favour of Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*, on account of its popularity, its charm of style, and wide-reaching influence on later authors.

But in such a limited space as was at command many notable authors have been necessarily omitted. Where, for instance, is Sir William Temple, the philosophic Berkeley, the plain-spoken Latimer, and many another whom I could name? It was impossible to include them all, therefore a further question had

to be considered, namely:—To what extent have their individual writings influenced the thought and style of posterity?

The guiding principles of selection have been:—

(1) To choose pieces interesting, not merely to scholars, but to such average men and women as are interested in self-culture and in their national literature.

(2) That the passages should be more or less complete in themselves, and typical of the whole work.

(3) That they should be such as would bear reading many times over, and repay careful study, on account of their beauty or quaintness of style.

(4) That they should be sufficiently interesting to create a desire to read the whole of the book for one's self. If any of these specimens should inspire the wish for a closer acquaintance with the works of our old authors, this collection will have fully realized its aim.

In conclusion, I have to thank all those friends who have in any way assisted me with the preparation of this little book, and specially the Warden of Llandovery College, for his kind permission to make free use of the many valuable old books in the College Library.

BERTHA M. SKEAT.

November, 1899.

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SECTION I.—RELIGION.

RICHARD HOOKER.

(1553-1600.)

OF THE LAWS OF ECCLESIASTICAL
POLITY. (1594.)

This book grew out of a theological controversy with the Calvinistic party, in which Hooker defended the Anglican side against the Puritan. It has a threefold interest—theological, philosophical, and literary. “He did not arrest Puritanism; but he did two things for the Church. . . . He provided it with a theory, broad, intelligible, and worthy of the occasion. . . . And he brought out the nobler features of the system he defended, its fitness to be the Church of a great nation, its adaptation to human nature and society. . . . It set the example of an attempt to exhibit in English, in a shape suited to an intelligent English reader, a serious theory of the order of the world, the principles on which it is governed, the nature of society, and the relations of its different parts. . . . Further, it first revealed to the nation what English prose might be; its power of grappling with difficult conceptions and subtle reasonings, of bringing imagination and passion to animate and illuminate severe thought, of suiting itself to the immense variety of lights and moods and feelings which really surround and accompany the work of the mind; its power of attracting and charming like poetry, its capacity for a most delicate or most lofty music.” (See the whole of Dean Church’s excellent Introduction to the Clarendon Press edition.)

The law which angels do work by.

But now that we may lift up our eyes (as it were) from the footstool to the throne of God, and leaving these natural, consider a little the state of heavenly and

divine creatures: touching angels, which are spirits immaterial and intellectual, the glorious inhabitants of those sacred palaces, where nothing but light and blessed immortality, no shadow of matter for tears, discontents, griefs, and uncomfortable passions to work upon, but all joy, tranquillity, and peace, even for ever and ever, doth dwell: as in number and order they are huge, mighty, and royal armies, so likewise in perfection of obedience unto that law, which the Highest, whom they adore, love, and imitate, hath imposed upon them, such observants they are thereof, that our Saviour himself, being to set down the perfect *idea* of that which we are to pray and wish for on earth, did not teach to pray or wish for more than only that here it might be with us, as with them it is in heaven. God, which moveth mere natural agents as an efficient (*i.e.* efficient cause) only, doth otherwise move intellectual creatures, and especially his holy angels: for beholding the face of God, in admiration of so great excellency they all adore him; and being rapt with the love of his beauty, they cleave unseparably for ever unto him. Desire to resemble him in goodness maketh them unweariable and even unsatiable in their longing to do by all means all manner good unto all the creatures of God, but especially unto the children of men: in the countenance of whose nature, looking downward, they behold themselves beneath themselves; even as upward, in God, beneath whom themselves are, they see that character which is nowhere but in themselves and us resembled. Thus far even the Painims have approached; thus far they have seen into the doings of the angels of God; Orpheus confessing *that the fiery throne of God is attended on by those most industrious angels, careful how all things are performed amongst men*; and the mirror of human wisdom plainly teaching that God moveth angels, even as that thing doth stir man's

heart, which is thereunto presented amiable. Angelical actions may therefore be reduced unto these three general kinds: first, most delectable love arising from the visible apprehension of the purity, glory, and beauty of God, invisible saving only unto spirits that are pure; secondly, adoration grounded upon the evidence of the greatness of God, on whom they see how all things depend; thirdly, imitation, bred by the presence of his exemplary goodness, who ceaseth not before them daily to fill heaven and earth with the rich treasures of most free and undeserved grace.

Of angels, we are not to consider only what they are and do in regard of their own being, but that also which concerneth them as they are linked into a kind of corporation amongst themselves, and of society or fellowship with men. Consider angels each of them severally in himself, and their law is that which the prophet David mentioneth: *All ye his angels praise him.* Consider the angels of God associated, and their law is that which disposeth them as an *army*, one in order and degree above another. Consider finally the angels as having with us that communion which the Apostle to the Hebrews noteth, and in regard whereof angels have not disdained to profess themselves our *fellow-servants*; from hence there springeth up a third law, which bindeth them to works of ministerial employment. Every of which their several functions are by them performed with joy.

A part of the angels of God, notwithstanding (we know), have fallen, and that their fall hath been through the voluntary breach of that law, which did require at their hands continuance in the exercise of their high and admirable virtue. Impossible it was that ever their will should change or incline to remit any part of their duty, without some object having force to avert their conceit¹ from God, and to draw it another

¹ imagination.

way; and that, before they attained that high perfection of bliss, wherein now the elect angels are without possibility of falling. Of anything more than of God they could not by any means like, as long as whatsoever they knew besides God they apprehended it not in itself without dependency upon God; because so long God must needs seem infinitely better than anything which they could so apprehend. Things beneath them could not in such sort be presented unto their eyes, but that therein they must needs see always how those things did depend on God. It seemeth, therefore, that there was no other way for angels to sin but by reflex of their understanding upon themselves; when, being held with admiration of their own sublimity and honour, the memory of their subordination unto God and their dependency on him was drowned in this conceit; whereupon their adoration, love, and imitation of God could not choose but be also interrupted. The fall of angels, therefore, was pride. Since their fall, their practices have been the clean contrary unto those before mentioned. For being dispersed, some in the air, some on the earth, some in the water, some amongst the minerals, dens, and caves, that are under the earth; they have by all means laboured to effect a universal rebellion against the laws, and as far as in them lieth utter destruction of the works of God. These wicked spirits the heathens honoured instead of gods, both generally under the name of *Dii inferi*, (Gods infernal); and particularly, some in oracles, some in idols, some as household gods, some as nymphs: in a word, no foul and wicked spirit which was not one way or other honoured of men as God, till such time as light appeared in the world and dissolved the works of the devil. Thus much, therefore, may suffice for angels, the next unto whom in degree are men.

Points to Note in Style.

(See Church's *Introduction*, pp. xx-xxiii.)

1. Greatly influenced by Latin models.
2. Antique fashion, due to striving after ornament.
3. Clear perception of the laws of argumentative connection and sequence.
4. Keen sensitiveness to the grace and fitness of words, and musical charm.
5. Constructions elaborate and artificial, but not involved.
6. He brings within the compass of a single period, linked into one structure by a great variety of connecting words, a series of clauses related to one another which we should make separate sentences.
7. He strives to place the emphatic word in the emphatic place.
8. Hence he frequently reverses the natural order of the sentence.
9. He shows an endeavour after terseness and economy of words. Fuller says of him, "His stile was long and pithy, drawing on a whole flock of clauses before he came to the close of a sentence".

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, M.D.

(1605-1682.)

RELIGIO MEDICI. (1642.)

"An appetite for acquisition and display of curious learning belonged to the fashion of the time, and was related to the later Euphuism among our poets, in and for some time after the reign of James I. Dr. Thomas Browne, of Norwich, had a genius in this direction. He acquired high local repute as a learned and skilful physician, and he seems to have written, for himself alone, at the age of thirty, soon after his return to England, and before his settlement at Norwich, the eloquent and thoughtful book which he called *Religio Medici*, the Faith of a Physician."—See Professor Morley's *Introduction to Religio Medici*, in Cassell's National Library.

The Power of Sympathy and Friendship.

There is, I think, no man that apprehends his own miseries less than myself, and no man that so nearly apprehends another's. I could lose an arm without a tear, and with few groans, methinks, be quartered into pieces; yet can I weep most seriously at a play, and receive with true passion the counterfeit grief of those known and professed impostures. It is a barbarous part of inhumanity to add unto any afflicted party's misery, or endeavour to multiply in any man, a passion, whose single nature is already above his patience: this was the greatest affliction of Job; and those oblique expostulations of his friends a deeper injury than the downright blows of the devil. It is not the tears of our own eyes only, but of our friends also, that do exhaust the current of our sorrows; which falling into many streams, runs more peaceably, and is contented with a narrower channel. It is an act within the power of charity to translate a passion out of one breast into another, and to divide a sorrow almost out of itself; for an affliction, like a dimension, may be so divided, as if not invisible, at least to become insensible. Now, with my friend I desire not to share or participate but to engross his sorrows, that by making them mine own I may more easily discuss them; for in mine own reason, and within myself, I can command that which I cannot entreat without myself, and within the circle of another. I have often thought those noble pairs and examples of friendship not so truly histories of what had been, as fictions of what should be; but I now perceive in them nothing but possibilities, nor anything in the heroic examples of Damon and Pythias, Achilles and Patroclus, which methinks upon some grounds I could not perform within the narrow compass of myself. That a man should lay down his life for his friend seems

strange to vulgar affections, and such as confine themselves within that worldly principle, Charity begins at home. For my own part, I could never remember the relations that I hold unto myself, nor the respect that I owe unto my own nature, in the cause of God, my country, and my friends. Next to these three I do embrace myself. I confess I do not observe that order that the schools ordain our affections, to love our parents, wives, children, and then our friends; for excepting the injunctions of religion, I do not find in myself such a necessary and indissoluble sympathy to all those of my blood. I hope I do not break the fifth commandment, if I conceive I may love my friend before the nearest of my blood, even those to whom I owe the principle of life. I never yet cast a true affection on a woman, but I have loved my friend as I do virtue, my soul, my God. From hence methinks I do conceive how God loves man, what happiness there is in the love of God. Omitting all other, there are three most mystical unions; two natures in one person; three persons in one nature; one soul in two bodies. For though, indeed, they be really divided, yet are they so united, as they seem but one, and make rather a duality than two distinct souls.

There are wonders in true affection; it is a body of enigmas, mysteries, and riddles, wherein two so become one, as they both become two. I love my friend before myself, and yet methinks I do not love him enough. Some few months hence, my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all. When I am from him, I am dead till I be with him; when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him. United souls are not satisfied with embraces, but desire to be truly each other; which, being impossible, their desires are infinite and proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. Another misery there is in

affection, that whom we truly love like our own, we forget their looks, nor can our memory retain the idea of their faces; and it is no wonder, for they are ourselves, and our affection makes their looks our own. This noble affection falls not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are marked for virtue. He that can love his friend with this noble ardour, will, in a competent degree, affect all. Now, if we can bring our affections to look beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soul, we have found the true object, not only of friendship, but Charity; and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soul, is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, salvation; which, though it be not in our power to bestow, it is in our charity and pious invocations to desire, if not procure and further. I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for myself in particular, without a catalogue for my friends; nor request a happiness wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never heard the toll of a passing-bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit. I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession, and call upon God for his soul. I cannot see one say his prayers, but, instead of imitating him, I fall into a supplication for him, who, perhaps is no more to me than a common nature; and if God hath vouchsafed an ear to my supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of my unknown devotions. To pray for enemies, that is, for their salvation, is no harsh precept, but the practice of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot believe the story of the Italian: our bad wishes and uncharitable desires proceed no further than this life; it is the devil, and the uncharitable votes of hell, that desire our misery in the world to come.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Long rhythmical sentences, with balanced clauses.
 2. Frequent use of antithetical clauses.
 3. Signs of classical learning.
 4. Imagery occasionally fanciful and a little strained.
 5. Warmth and vigour of expression.
 6. Indications of a wide human sympathy.
-

RICHARD BAXTER.

(1615-1691.)

THE SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST. (1649.)

The saints' rest is the most happy state of a Christian; or it is the perfect, endless enjoyment of God by the perfected saints, according to the measure of their capacity, to which their souls arrive at death, and both soul and body most fully after the resurrection and final judgment. According to this definition of the saints' rest, a larger account of its nature will be given in this chapter; of its preparatives, Chapter II.; its excellencies, Chapter III.; and Chapter IV., the persons for whom it is designed. Further to illustrate the subject, some description will be given (Chapter V.) of their misery who lose this rest; and (Chapter VI.) who also lose the enjoyments of time, and suffer the torments of hell. Next will be showed (Chapter VII.) the necessity of diligently seeking this rest; Chapter VIII., how our title to it may be discerned; Chapter IX., that they who discern their title to it should help those who cannot; and Chapter X., that this rest is not to be expected on earth. It will then be proper to consider (Chapter XI.) the importance of a heavenly life upon earth; Chapter XII., how to lead a heavenly life upon earth; Chapter XIII., the nature of heavenly contemplation, with the

time, place, and temper fittest for it; Chapter XIV., what use heavenly contemplation makes of consideration, affections, soliloquy, and prayer; and likewise (Chapter XV.) how heavenly contemplation may be assisted by sensible objects, and guarded against a treacherous heart. Heavenly contemplation will be exemplified (Chapter XVI.), and the whole work concluded.

The Excellences of the Saints' Rest.

. . . We shall then rest from all our sad divisions and unchristian quarrels with one another. How lovingly do thousands live together in heaven, who lived at variance upon earth! There is no contention, because none of this pride, ignorance or other corruption. There is no plotting to strengthen our party, nor deep designing against our brethren. If there be sorrow or shame in heaven, we shall then be both sorry and ashamed to remember all this carriage¹ on earth; as Joseph's brethren were to behold him, when they remembered their former unkind usage. Is it not enough that all the world is against us, but we must also be against one another? O happy days of persecution, which drove us together in love, whom the sunshine of liberty and prosperity crumbles into dust by our contentions! O happy day of the saints' rest in glory, when, as there is one God, one Christ, one Spirit, so we shall have one heart, one church, one employment for ever!

.
Then we shall rest from all our now personal sufferings. This may seem a small thing to those who live in ease and prosperity; but to the daily-afflicted soul it makes the thoughts of heaven delightful. Oh the dying life we now live! as full of sufferings as of days

¹ behaviour.

and hours! Our Redeemer leaves this measure of misery upon us, to make us know for what we are beholden, to mind us of what we should else forget, to be serviceable to his wise and gracious designs, and advantageous to our full and final recovery. Grief enters at every sense, and seizes every part and power of flesh and spirit. What noble part is there, that suffereth its pain or ruin alone? But sin and flesh, dust and pain, will all be left behind together. Oh the blessed tranquillity of that region, where there is nothing but sweet continued peace! O healthful place, where none are sick! O happy land, where all are kings! O holy assembly, where all are priests! How free a state, where none are servants, but to their supreme monarch! The poor man shall be no more tired with his labours: "no more hunger or thirst", cold or nakedness; no pinching frosts, or scorching heats! Our faces shall no more be pale or sad, no more breaches in friendship, nor parting of friends asunder; no more trouble accompanying our relations, nor voice of lamentation heard in our dwellings. "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes" (Rev. vii. 16, 17). O my soul, bear with the infirmities of thine earthly tabernacle, it will be thus but a little while; the sound of thy Redeemer's feet is even at the door.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Influenced chiefly by independent study of books and of the Bible.
 2. Use of rhetorical exclamation.
 3. Logical arrangement of argument.
 4. Sense of the unsatisfactoriness of this world, arising from the troubles of the Civil Wars.
-

JEREMY TAYLOR.

(1613-1667.)

THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY LIVING
AND OF HOLY DYING. (1650.)*Of Charity, or the Love of God.*

Love is the greatest thing that God can give us; for Himself is Love: and it is the greatest thing we can give to God; for it will also give ourselves, and carry with it all that is ours. . . . Our vices are in love with phantastic pleasures and images of perfection, which are truly and really to be found nowhere but in *God*. And therefore our virtues have such proper objects, that it is but reasonable they should all turn into love: for certain it is that this love will turn all into virtue. For in the scrutinies for righteousness and judgment, *When it is required, Whether such a person be a good man or no; the meaning is not, What does he believe? or What does he hope? but What he loves.*

The acts of love to God are:

1. Love does all things which may please the beloved person; it performs all his commandments: and this is one of the greatest instances and arguments of our love that *God* requires of us, "This is love, that we keep his commandments". Love is *obedient*.

2. It does all the intimations and secret significations of his pleasure whom we love; and this is an argument of a great degree of it. The first instance is that it makes the love accepted: but this gives a greatness and singularity to it. The first is the least, and less than it cannot do our duty: but without this second, we cannot come to perfection. *Great love is also pliant and inquisitive* in the instances of its expression.

3. Love gives away all things, that so he may

advance the interest of the beloved person: it relieves all that he would have relieved, and spends itself in such real significations as it is enabled withal. He never loved God, that will quit anything of his religion to save his money. *Love is always liberal and communicative.*

4. It suffers all things that are imposed by its beloved, or that can happen for his sake, or that intervene in his service, cheerfully, sweetly, willingly; expecting that God should turn them into good, and instruments of felicity. *Charity hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love is patient* and content with anything, so it be together with its beloved.

5. Love is also impatient of anything that may displease the beloved person; hating all sin as the enemy of its friend; for love contracts all the same relations, and marries the same friendships and the same hatreds; and all affection to a sin is perfectly inconsistent with the love of God. Love is not divided between *God* and *God's* enemy: we must love *God* with all our heart; that is, give him a whole and undivided affection, having love for nothing else but such things which he allows, and which he commands or loves himself.

6. *Love endeavours for ever to be present*, to converse with, to enjoy, to be united with, its object: loves to be talking of him, reciting his praises, telling his stories, repeating his words, imitating his gestures, transcribing his copy in everything; and every degree of union and every degree of likeness is a degree of love; and it can endure anything but the displeasure and the absence of its beloved. For we are not to use *God* and *religion* as men use perfumes; with which they are delighted when they have them, but can very well be without them. True charity is restless till it enjoys *God* in such instances in which it wants Him; it is like hunger and thirst; it must be fed, or it cannot be answered: and

nothing can supply the presence, or make recompense for the absence, of *God*, or of the efforts of His favour, and the light of His countenance.

7. *True love in all accidents looks upon the beloved person*, and observes his countenance, and how he approves or disapproves it, and accordingly looks sad or cheerful. He that loves *God*, is not displeased at those accidents which *God* chooses, nor murmurs at those changes which He makes in His family; nor envies at those gifts He bestows; but chooses as He likes, and is ruled by His judgment, and is perfectly of His persuasion; loving to learn where *God* is the teacher, and being content to be ignorant or silent where He is not pleased to open Himself.

8. *Love is curious of little things*, of circumstances and measures, and little accidents; not allowing to itself any infirmity, which it strives not to master; aiming at what it cannot yet reach; desiring to be of an angelical purity, and of a perfect innocence, and a seraphical fervour; and fears every image of offence: is as much afflicted at an idle word, as some at an act of adultery; and will not allow to itself so much anger as will disturb a child, nor endure the impurity of a dream. And this is the curiosity and niceness of divine love; this is *the fear of God*, and is the daughter and production of love.

The Measures and Rules of Divine Love.

But because this passion is pure as the brightest and smoothest mirror, and therefore is apt to be sullied with every impurer breath; we must be careful that our love to *God* be governed by these measures.

1. That our love be sweet, even, and full of tranquillity; having in it no violences or transportations; but going on in a course of holy actions, and duties which are proportionable to our condition and present state:

not to satisfy all the desire, but all the probabilities and measures of our strength. . . . Indiscreet violences and untimely forwardness are the rocks of religion, against which tender spirits often suffer shipwreck.

2. Let our love be prudent and without illusion; that is, that it express itself in such instances which God hath chosen, or which we choose ourselves by proportion to his rules and measures. Love turns into doting, when religion turns into superstition. No degree of love can be imprudent, but the expressions may: we cannot love God too much, but we may proclaim it in indecent manners.

3. Let our love be firm, constant, and inseparable; not coming and returning like the tide, but descending like a never-failing river, ever running into the ocean of divine excellency, passing on in the channels of duty and a constant obedience, and never ceasing to be what it is, till it comes to what it desires to be; still being a river, till it be turned into sea and vastness, even the immensity of a blessed eternity.

Points to Note in Style.

1. It would be interesting to compare this extract with the very similar passages in *The Imitation of Christ*.

2. Long complex sentences with frequent introduction of the participial phrase.

3. Graceful and poetic imagery.

4. Fine culture, and liveliness of fancy.

JOHN BUNYAN.

(1628-1688.)

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. (1678.)

This book, written in Bedford Jail, where the author was a prisoner for conscience sake, consists of two parts—the history

of Christian, and the history of his wife, Christiana, and her children. The allegory is in many parts very dramatic; and Bunyan had evidently noted with a keen eye many of the peculiarities and characteristics of his neighbours, attributing them to the typical characters whom he introduces. The following extracts are taken from Part II., where Christiana and the band of pilgrims are nearing the River that divides them from the City of the King. They have overtaken a man named *Standfast*, who tells old father *Honest* how he has just escaped with difficulty from the temptations of a witch named *Madam Bubble*, who tried to hinder him in his journey.

Madam Bubble's Temptations.

Honest. Without doubt her designs were bad. But, stay, now you talk of her, methinks I either have seen her, or have read some story of her.

Standfast. Perhaps you have done both.

Hon. Madam Bubble! Is she not a tall, comely dame, somewhat of a swarthy complexion?

Stand. Right, you hit it: she is just such a one.

Hon. Doth she not speak very smoothly, and give you a smile at the end of a sentence?

Stand. You fall right upon it again, for these are her very actions.

Hon. Doth she not wear a great purse by her side, and is not her hand often in it, fingering her money, as if that was her heart's delight?

Stand. 'Tis just so; had she stood by all this while you could not more amply have set her forth before me, nor have better described her features.

Hon. Then he that drew her picture was a good limner,¹ and he that wrote of her said true.

Christiana Crosses the River.

After this I beheld until they were come into the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here,

¹ painter.

because they were weary, they betook themselves a while to rest. And because this country was common for pilgrims, and because the orchards and vineyards that were here belong to the king of the celestial country, therefore they were licensed to make bold with any of his things. But a little while soon refreshed them here; for the bells did so ring, and the trumpets continually sounding so melodiously, that they could not sleep, and yet they received as much refreshing as if they had slept their sleep ever so soundly. Here also all the noise of them that walked the streets was, More pilgrims are come to town! And another would answer, saying, And so many went over the water, and were let in at the golden gates to-day! They would cry again, There is now a legion of shining ones just come to town, by which we know that there are more pilgrims upon the road; for here they come to wait for them, and to comfort them after their sorrow! Then the pilgrims got up and walked to and fro. But how were their ears now filled with heavenly voices, and their eyes delighted with celestial visions! In this land they heard nothing, saw nothing, felt nothing, smelt nothing, tasted nothing that was offensive to their stomach or mind; only when they tasted of the water of the river over which they were to go, they thought that it tasted a little bitterish to the palate; but it proved sweet when it was down.

In this place there was a record kept of the names of them that had been pilgrims of old, and a history of all the famous acts that they had done. It was here also much discoursed, how the river to some had had its flowings, and what ebbings it has had while others have gone over. It has been in a manner dry for some, while it has overflowed its banks for others.

In this place the children of the town will go into the king's gardens, and gather nosegays for the pilgrims,

and bring them to them with much affection. Here also grew camphire,¹ with spikenard and saffron, calamus,² and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all chief spices. With these the pilgrims' chambers were perfumed while they stayed here: and with these were their bodies anointed, to prepare them to go over the river when the time appointed was come.

Now while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town, that there was a post come from the Celestial City, which was a matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, the house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter. The contents were, Hail, good woman: I bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expects that thou should'st stand in his presence, in clothes of immortality, within these ten days.

When he had read this letter to her, he gave her therewith a sure token that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was an arrow with a point sharpened with love, let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Greatheart her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bid him that he should

¹ Old spelling of 'camphor': cf. Song of Solomon, i. 14.

² A spice which with myrrh and cinnamon was used to perfume the anointing oil (Exod. xxx. 23). It was probably obtained from one of the lemon-grasses of India.

give advice how all things should be prepared for her journey. So he told her, saying, Thus and thus it must be, and we that survive will accompany you to the river side.

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessing, and told them that she had read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor that little she had, and commanded her sons and daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

Christiana then bids farewell to Mr. Valiant-for-truth, Mr. Honest, Mr. Ready-to-halt, Mr. Despondency and his daughter Much-afraid, and Mr. Feeble-mind, addressing a few kindly words to each.

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her. The last words that she was heard to say were, I come, Lord, to be with thee and bless thee! So her children and friends returned to their place, for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had entered with before her. At her departure the children wept. But Mr. Greatheart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy. So all returned to their respective places.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Simple, direct phraseology, and large proportion of English words.
2. Dramatic dialogue.
3. Shrewd, and often humorous character-painting.
4. Allegory full of practical application, never obscure.
5. Realistic and detailed description of places.

JOSEPH BUTLER.

(1692-1752.)

THE ANALOGY OF RELIGION. (1736.)**CHAPTER I.—*Of a Future Life.***

Strange difficulties have been raised by some concerning personal identity, or the sameness of living agents, implied in the notion of our existing now and hereafter, or in any two successive moments; which, whoever thinks it worth while, may see considered in the first dissertation at the end of this treatise. But without regard to any of them here, let us consider what the analogy of Nature, and the several changes which we have undergone, and those which we know we may undergo without being destroyed, suggest, as to the effect which death may or may not have upon us; and whether it be not from thence probable that we may survive this change, and exist in a future state of life and perception.

I. From our being born into the present world in the helpless imperfect state of infancy, and having arrived from thence to mature age, we find it to be a general law of Nature in our own species that the same creatures, the same individuals, should exist in degrees of life and perception, with capacities of action, of enjoy-

ment, and suffering, in one period of their being, greatly different from those appointed them in another period of it. And in other creatures the same law holds. For the difference of their capacities and states of life at their birth (to go no higher) and in maturity; the change of worms into flies, and the vast enlargement of their locomotive powers by such change; and birds and insects bursting the shell their habitation, and by this means entering into a new world, furnished with new accommodations for them, and finding a new sphere of action assigned them; these are instances of this general law of nature. Thus all the various and wonderful transformations of animals are to be taken into consideration here. But the states of life in which we ourselves existed formerly in the womb and in our infancy, are almost as different from our present in mature age, as it is possible to conceive any two states or degrees of life can be. Therefore, that we are to exist hereafter in a state as different (suppose) from our present, as this is from our former, is but according to the analogy of nature; according to a natural order or appointment of the very same kind, with what we have already experienced.

II. We know we are endued with capacities of action, of happiness and misery: for we are conscious of acting, of enjoying pleasure, and suffering pain. Now that we have these powers and capacities before death, is a presumption that we shall retain them through and after death; indeed a probability of it abundantly sufficient to act upon, unless there be some positive reason to think that death is the destruction of those living powers: because there is in every case a probability that all things will continue, as we experience they are, in all respects, except those in which we have some reason to think they will be altered. This is that *kind* of presumption or probability from analogy, expressed

in the very word *continuance*, which seems our only natural reason for believing the course of the world will continue to-morrow, as it has done so far as our experience or knowledge of history can carry us back. Nay, it seems our only reason for believing, that any one substance now existing, will continue to exist a moment longer; the self-existing substance only excepted. Thus if men were assured that the unknown event, death, was not the destruction of our faculties of perception and of action, there would be no apprehension, that any other power or event unconnected with this of death, would destroy those faculties just at the instant of each creature's death; and therefore no doubt but that they would remain after it: which shows the high probability that our living powers will continue after death, unless there be some ground to think that death is their destruction. For, if it would be in a manner certain, that we should survive death, provided it were certain that death would not be our destruction, it must be highly probable we shall survive it, if there be no ground to think death will be our destruction.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Long complex sentences.
2. Introduction of parenthesis.
3. Use of the participial phrase.
4. Large number of French and Latin words in vocabulary.
5. Close and logical reasoning.

SECTION II.—PHILOSOPHY.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

(1478-1535.)

UTOPIA (1515-1516).

More's *Utopia*, or, *The Discourses of Raphael Hythloday of the best state of a Commonwealth*, was written in Latin, and translated into English by Robinson in 1551, and by Burnet in 1684, the latter translation being here followed. Professor Morley says: "It is the work of a scholarly and witty Englishman, who attacks in his own way the chief political and social evils of his time". Beginning with fact, More tells how he was sent into Flanders with Cuthbert Tunstall, Master of the Rolls, and visited Bruges, Brussels, and Antwerp. "Then fact slides into fiction with the finding of Raphael Hythloday, a man who had been with Amerigo Vespucci in the three last of the voyages to the New World lately discovered, of which the account had been first printed in 1507, only nine years before *Utopia* was written.—Designedly fantastic in suggestion of details, *Utopia* is the work of a scholar who had read Plato's *Republic*, and had his fancy quickened after reading Plutarch's account of Spartan life under Lycurgus. Beneath the veil of an ideal communism, into which there has been worked some witty extravagance, there lies a noble English argument."

Social Life in Utopia.

But to return to their manner of living in society: the oldest man of every family, as has been already said, is its governor; wives serve their husbands, and children their parents, and always the younger serves the elder. Every city is divided into four equal parts, and in the middle of each there is a market-place. What is brought thither, and manufactured by the

several families, is carried from thence to houses appointed for that purpose, in which all things of a sort are laid by themselves; and thither every father goes, and takes whatsoever he or his family stand in need of, without either paying for it or leaving anything in exchange. There is no reason for giving a denial to any person, since there is such plenty of everything among them; and there is no danger of a man's asking for more than he needs; they have no inducements to do this, since they are sure they shall always be supplied: it is the fear of want that makes any of the whole race of animals either greedy or ravenous; but, besides fear, there is in man a pride that makes him fancy it a particular glory to excel others in pomp and excess; but by the laws of the Utopians, there is no room for this. Near these markets there are others for all sorts of provisions, where there are not only herbs, fruits and bread, but also fish, fowl, and cattle. There are also, without their towns, places appointed near some running water for killing their beasts and for washing away their filth, which is done by their slaves; for they suffer none of their citizens to kill their cattle, because they think that pity and good nature, which are among the best of those affections which are born with us, are much impaired by the butchering of animals; nor do they suffer anything that is foul or unclean to be brought within their towns, lest the air should be infected by ill smells, which might prejudice their health. In every street there are great halls, that lie at an equal distance from each other, distinguished by particular names. The Syphogrants¹ dwell in those that are set over thirty families, fifteen lying on one side of it, and as many on the other. In these halls they all meet and have their repasts; the stewards of every one of them come to the market-place at an appointed hour, and,

¹ Made-up word: the margin has *magistrates*.

according to the number of those that belong to the hall they carry home provisions.

All the children under five years old sit among the nurses; the rest of the younger sort of both sexes, till they are fit for marriage, either serve those that sit at table, or, if they are not strong enough for that, stand by them in great silence and eat what is given them; nor have they any other formality of dining. In the middle of the first table, which stands across the upper end of the hall, sit the Syphogrant and his wife, for that is the chief and most conspicuous place; next to him sit two of the most ancient, for there are always four to a mess. If there is a temple within the Syphogranty, the priest and his wife sit with the Syphogrant above all the rest; next them is a mixture of old and young, who are so placed that as the young are set near others, so they are mixed with the more ancient; which, they say was appointed on this account: that the gravity of the old people, and the reverence that is due to them, might restrain the younger from all indecent words and gestures. Dishes are not served to the whole table at first, but the best are set before the old, whose seats are distinguished from the young, and, after them, all the rest are served alike. The old men distribute to the younger any curious meats that happen to be set before them, if there is not such an abundance of them that the whole company may be served alike.

Thus old men are honoured with a particular respect, yet all the rest fare as well as they. Both dinner and supper are begun with some lecture of morality that is read to them; but it is so short that it is not tedious nor uneasy to them who hear it. From hence the old men take occasion to entertain those about them with some useful and pleasant enlargements; but they do not engross the whole discourse so to themselves during their meals that the younger may not put in for a share; on

the contrary, they engage them to talk, that so they may, in that free way of conversation, find out the force of everyone's spirit and observe his temper. They despatch their dinners quickly, but sit long at supper, because they go to work after the one, and are to sleep after the other, during which they think the stomach carries on the concoction more vigorously. They never sup without music, and there is always fruit served up after meat; while they are at table some burn perfumes and sprinkle about fragrant ointments and sweet waters—in short, they want nothing that may cheer up their spirits; they give themselves a large allowance that way, and indulge themselves in all such pleasures as are attended with no inconvenience. Thus do those that are in the towns live together; but in the country, where they live at a great distance, everyone eats at home, and no family wants any necessary sort of provision, for it is from them that provisions are sent unto those that live in the towns.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Long sentences, chiefly compound.
2. Frequency of adversative and illative clauses.
3. Instances of classical learning.
4. Minuteness of detail in organization.
5. Humorous and light satirical touches.
6. It must be remembered that, for vocabulary and constructions, the translator from the Latin is mainly responsible.

JOHN MILTON.

(1608-1674.)

AREOPAGITICA: A SPEECH FOR THE LIBERTY
OF UNLICENSED PRINTING. (1644.)

This treatise was called forth by a decree of the Star-chamber in 1637, forbidding the printing and publishing of

any seditious or schismatic books throughout the realm. This decree is given in full in Arber's Reprint.

Of the Nature of Books.

I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment to the Church and Commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors: for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth¹; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth-

¹ Sown by Jason, on the quest of the Golden Fleece.

essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. But lest I should be condemned of introducing license, while I oppose licensing, I refuse not the pains to be so much historical, as will serve to show what hath been done by ancient and famous commonwealths, against this disorder, till the very time that this project of licensing crept out of the *Inquisition*, was caught up by our prelates, and hath caught some of our presbyters.

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Of Mingled Good and Evil.

Good and evil, we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on *Psyche* as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixt. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil as two twins cleaving together leapt forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which *Adam* fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is; what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us

is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet *Spencer*¹, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than *Scotus*² or *Aquinas*³, describing true temperance under the person of *Guion*, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason?

Of Truth.

Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on: but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who as that story goes of the *Egyptian Typhon* with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good *Osiris*⁴, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the

¹ *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II., Canto vii.

² John Duns Scotus, the famous schoolman (1265-1308).

³ Thomas Aquinas, 'the angelic doctor' (1224-1274).

⁴ Osiris, the Egyptian god, husband of Isis, travelled much, and on his return to Egypt was murdered by his brother Typhon, who cut his body into pieces and threw them into the Nile. Isis found them, and defeated Typhon.

careful search that *Isis* made for the mangled body of *Osiris*, went up and down gathering limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.

The Blind Poet's Prophecy for England.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: Methinks I see her as an eagle muing¹ her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Construction of sentences showing traces or Latin influence.
2. Copious vocabulary, employing many unusual terms.
3. Abundance of classical allusions.
4. Musical effect produced by choice of sonorous words.
5. Use of alliteration to give force and emphasis to the expressions.
6. Employment of bold and poetical imagery, showing power of imagination.
7. Measured beat of the sentences, giving the effect of rhythmical prose.

¹ moulting, renewing.

THOMAS HOBBES.

(1588-1679.)

LEVIATHAN. (1651.)

This is a book of political philosophy, discussing the foundations of government, and the relations between sovereign and people. Hobbes called it *Leviathan*, because he looked upon a state as a great body formed of many citizens, obedient to a single head—that of the king. To the body politic, the greatest of all bodies, as to the body natural, unity was necessary, and a single controlling brain. He likened it therefore to Leviathan, greatest of bodies natural.

The Origin and Effects of War.

In the nature of man we find three principal causes of quarrel. First, Competition; secondly, Diffidence; thirdly, Glory.

The first maketh men invade for gain; the second, for safety; and the third, for reputation. The first use violence, to make themselves masters of other men's persons, wives, children, and cattle; the second, to defend them; the third, for trifles, as a word, a smile, a different opinion, and any other sign of undervalue, either direct in their persons, or by reflection in their kindred, their friends, their nation, their profession, or their name.

Hereby it is manifest, that during the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called war; and such a war, as is of every man, against every man. For war consisteth not in battle only, or the act of fighting; but in a tract of time, wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known: and therefore the notion of time is to be considered in the nature of war, as it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of foul weather

lieth not in a shower or two of rain, but in an inclination thereto of many days together, so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary; all other time is peace.

Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of war, where every man is enemy to every man, the same is consequent to the time wherein men live without other security than what their own strength and their own invention shall furnish them withal. In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain; and consequently no culture of the earth, no navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea, no commodious building, no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force, no knowledge of the face of the earth, no account of time, no arts, no letters, no society, and which is worst of all, continual fear, and danger of violent death; and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Occasionally irregularity and obscurity in construction of sentences.
 2. Vocabulary containing a good proportion of English words.
 3. Use of familiar illustrations to strengthen statements.
 4. Clear and forcible argument.
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EDMUND BURKE.

(1730-1797.)

A PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN
OF OUR IDEAS OF THE SUBLIME AND
BEAUTIFUL.

In 1756 this book appeared, which first made Burke famous. Professor Morley says: "Dr. Johnson welcomed it as an example of true criticism. We should care little now for a theory that associates sense of the Beautiful with relaxation, and sense of the Sublime with contraction. The interest to us lies chiefly in the manner of the argument and careful polish of the style. But the theory was apt to its time. Addison's eleven essays on Imagination in the *Spectator* had made it a fashion to enquire into the sources of artistic pleasure. David Hartley's *Observations on Man*, published in 1749, which traced all intellectual energy to vibrations of the nerves, had carried such thought into the way of associating physical states of the body with conditions of the mind. Two currents of fashionable opinion ran into one to make Burke's theory, which had therefore, in itself, a charm for readers of its day."

In the following extract Burke is arguing on the different effects of light, colour, and sound, in producing the impression of the Sublime.

SECTION XV.—*Light in Building.*

As the management of light is a matter of importance in architecture, it is worth enquiring, how far this remark is applicable to building. I think then, that all edifices calculated to produce an idea of the sublime, ought rather to be dark and gloomy, and this for two reasons: the first is, that darkness itself on other occasions is known by experience to have a greater effect on the passions than light. The second is, that to make an object very striking, we should make it as different as possible from the objects with which we have been immediately conversant; when therefore you enter a building, you cannot pass into a greater light than you had

in the open air; to go into one some few degrees less luminous can make only a trifling change; but to make the transition thoroughly striking, you ought to pass from the greatest light to as much darkness as is consistent with the uses of architecture. At night the contrary rule will hold, but for the very same reason; and the more highly a room is then illuminated, the grander will the passion be.

SECTION XVI.—*Colour considered as productive of the Sublime.*

Among colours, such as are soft or cheerful (except perhaps a strong red which is cheerful) are unfit to produce grand images. An immense mountain covered with a shining green turf is nothing, in this respect, to one dark and gloomy; the cloudy sky is more grand than the blue; and night more sublime and solemn than day. Therefore, in historical painting, a gay or gaudy drapery can never have a happy effect; and in buildings, when the highest degree of the sublime is intended, the materials and ornaments ought neither to be white, nor green, nor yellow, nor blue, nor of a pale red, nor violet, nor spotted, but of sad and fuscous colours, as black, or brown, or deep purple, and the like. Much of gilding, mosaics, painting, or statues, contribute but little to the sublime. This rule need not be put in practice, except where a uniform degree of the most striking sublimity is to be produced, and that in every particular; for it ought to be observed, that this melancholy kind of greatness, though it be certainly the highest, ought not to be studied in all sorts of edifices, where yet grandeur must be studied: in such cases the sublimity must be drawn from the other sources; with a strict caution however, against anything light and riant; as nothing so effectually deadens the whole taste of the sublime.

SECTION XVII.—*Sound and Loudness.*

The eye is not the only organ of sensation by which a sublime passion may be produced. Sounds have a great power in these as in most other passions. I do not mean words, because words do not affect simply by their sounds, but by means altogether different. Excessive loudness alone is sufficient to overpower the soul, to suspend its action, and to fill it with terror. The noise of vast cataracts, raging storms, thunder, or artillery, awakes a great and awful sensation in the mind, though we can observe no nicety or artifice in those sorts of music. The shouting of multitudes has a similar effect; and by the sole strength of the sound so amazes and confounds the imagination, that, in this staggering and hurry of the mind, the best established tempers can scarcely forbear being borne down, and joining in the common cry, and common resolution of the crowd.

SECTION XVIII.—*Suddenness.*

A sudden beginning or sudden cessation of sound of any considerable force, has the same power. The attention is roused by this; and the faculties driven forward, as it were, on their guard. Whatever, either in sights or sounds, makes the transition from one extreme to the other easy, causes no terror, and consequently can be no cause of greatness. In everything sudden and unexpected, we are apt to start; that is, we have a perception of danger, and our nature rouses us to guard against it. It may be observed that a single sound of some strength, though but of short duration, if repeated after intervals, has a grand effect. Few things are more awful than the striking of a great clock, when the silence of the night prevents the attention from being too much dissipated. The same may be said of a single

stroke on a drum, repeated with pauses; and of the successive firing of cannon at a distance. All the effects mentioned in this section have causes very nearly alike.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Long, sometimes involved, sentences with many dependent clauses and phrases, the latter often participial.
 2. Rhythmical balance of sentences.
 3. Frequent use of the rhetorical question.
 4. Extensive and scholarly vocabulary.
 5. Introduction of various quotations and historical and classical allusions.
 6. Similes and analogies by way of illustration.
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ADAM SMITH.

(1723-1790.)

AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE AND CAUSES
OF THE WEALTH OF NATIONS. (1776.)

Of Restraints upon the Importation from Foreign Countries of such Goods as can be produced at Home.

To give the monopoly of the home market to the produce of domestic industry, in any particular art or manufacture, is in some measure to direct private people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals, and must, in almost all cases, be either a useless or a hurtful regulation. If the product of domestic can be brought there as cheap as that of foreign industry, the regulation is evidently useless. If it cannot, it must generally be hurtful. It is the maxim of every prudent master of a family never to attempt to make at home what it will cost him more to make than to buy. The tailor does not attempt to make his own shoes, but buys them of

the shoemaker. The shoemaker does not attempt to make his own clothes, but employs a tailor. The farmer attempts to make neither the one nor the other, but employs those different artificers. All of them find it for their interest to employ their whole industry in a way in which they have some advantage over their neighbours, and to purchase with a part of its produce, or, what is the same thing, with the price of a part of it, whatever else they have occasion for.

What is prudence in the conduct of every private family, can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom. If a foreign country can supply us with a commodity cheaper than we ourselves can make it, better buy it of them with some part of the produce of our own industry employed in a way in which we have some advantage. The general industry of the country, being always in proportion to the capital which employs it, will not thereby be diminished, no more than that of the above-mentioned artificers, but only left to find out the way in which it can be employed with the greatest advantage. It is certainly not employed to the greatest advantage when it is thus directed towards an object which it can buy cheaper than it can make. The value of its annual produce is certainly more or less diminished, when it is thus turned away from producing commodities evidently of more value than the commodity which it is directed to produce. According to the supposition, that commodity could be purchased from foreign countries cheaper than it can be made at home. It could therefore have been purchased with a part only of the commodities, or, what is the same thing, with a part only of the price of the commodities, which the industry employed by an equal capital would have produced at home, had it been left to follow its natural course. The industry of the country, therefore, is thus turned away from a more to a less advantageous employment, and the exchangeable

value of its annual produce, instead of being increased, according to the intention of the lawgiver, must necessarily be diminished by every such regulation.

By means of such regulations, indeed, a particular manufacture may sometimes be acquired sooner than it could have been otherwise, and after a certain time may be made at home as cheap or cheaper than in the foreign country. But though the industry of the society may be thus carried with advantage into a particular channel sooner than it could have been otherwise, it will by no means follow that the sum total, either of its industry or of its revenue, can ever be augmented by any such regulation. The industry of the society can augment only in proportion as its capital augments, and its capital can augment only in proportion to what can be gradually saved out of its revenue. But the immediate effect of every such regulation is to diminish its revenue, and what diminishes its revenue is certainly not very likely to augment its capital faster than it would have been augmented of its own accord, had both capital and industry been left to find out their natural employments.

Though for want of such regulations the society should never acquire the proposed manufacture, it would not, upon that account, necessarily be the poorer in any one period of its duration. In every period of its duration its whole capital and industry might still have been employed, though upon different objects, in the manner that was most advantageous at the time. In every period its revenue might have been the greatest which its capital could afford, and both capital and revenue might have been augmented with the greatest possible rapidity.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Sentences mostly brief, and simply constructed.
2. Frequent repetition of words for the sake of emphasis and clearness in argument.

3. Use of familiar illustrations appealing to practical common-sense.
4. Vocabulary largely made up of English words, with some scientific terms, such as *commodity*, &c.
5. Careful and connected reasoning.

SECTION III.—EDUCATION.

ROGER ASCHAM.

(1515-1568.)

THE SCHOOLMASTER. (1570.)

This book was brought out by Margaret Ascham after her husband's death, and published in 1570. In the beginning Ascham tells how the treatise on education arose out of a conversation during a dinner at Windsor Castle in 1563, followed by a private talk between Sir Richard Sackville and himself, in which Sir Richard asked him to direct the education of the former's little grandson. In this book Ascham discusses methods of education, differences in the characters of children, and the custom of sending young English gentlemen to travel in Italy. The second book is entirely devoted to his special method of teaching Latin.

Horsemen esteemed above Schoolmasters.

And speaking thus much of the wits of children for learning, the opportunity of the place, and goodness of the matter might require to have here declared the most special notes of a good wit for learning in a child, after the manner and custom of a good horseman, who is skilful to know and able to tell others how by certain sure signs, a man may choose a colt, that is like to prove another day excellent for the saddle. And it is pity that commonly more care is had, yea and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. For to the one they will gladly give a stipend of 200 crowns by the

year, and loth to offer to the other 200 shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewarded their liberality as it should; for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children: and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horse than comfort in their children.

Of Quick Wits and Hard Wits.

Quick wits commonly be apt to take, unapt to keep: soon hot and desirous of this and that; as cold and soon weary of the same again; more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far, even like over-sharp tools, whose edges be very soon turned. Such wits delight themselves in easy and pleasant studies, and never pass far forward in high and hard sciences. And therefore the quickest wits commonly may prove the best poets, but not the wisest orators: ready of tongue to speak boldly, not deep of judgment, either for good counsel or wise writing. Also, for manners and life, quick wits commonly be in desire new-fangled, in purpose unconstant, light to promise anything, ready to forget everything: both benefit and injury: and thereby neither fast to friend, nor fearful to foe: inquisitive of every trifle, not secret in greatest affairs: bold with any person: busy in every matter: soothing, such as be present: nipping any that is absent: of nature also, always flattering their betters, envying their equals, despising their inferiors: and, by quickness of wit, very quick and ready to like none so well as themselves.

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Some wits, moderate enough by nature, be many times marred by overmuch study and use of some sciences, namely, music, arithmetic, and geometry. These sciences, as they sharpen men's wits overmuch, so they change men's manners over-sore, if they be not

moderately mingled and wisely applied to some good use of life. Mark all mathematical heads, which be only and wholly bent to those sciences, how solitary they be themselves, how unfit to live with others, and how unapt to serve in the world. This is not only known now by common experience, but uttered long before by wise men's judgment and sentence. *Galene*¹ saith much music marreth men's manners, and *Plato* hath a notable place of the same thing in his books *de Republica*, well marked also, and excellently translated by *Tullie*² himself. Of this matter I wrote once more at large, twenty year ago, in my book of shooting:³ now I thought but to touch it, to prove, that overmuch quickness of wit, either given by nature, or sharpened by study, doth not commonly bring forth, either greatest learning, best manners, or happiest life in the end.

Contrariwise, a wit in youth, that is not over dull, heavy, knotty, and lumpish, but hard, rough, and though somewhat staffish⁴, as *Tullie* wisheth, *otium, quietum, non languidum*: and *negotium cum labore, non cum periculo*, such a wit I say, if it be, at the first well handled by the mother, and rightly smoothed and wrought as it should, not overthwartly and against the wood, by the schoolmaster, both for learning and whole course of living, proveth always the best. In wood and stone, not the softest but hardest be always aptest for portraiture, both fairest for pleasure, and most durable for profit. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep: painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without newfangledness: bearing heavy things, though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things though not easily, yet deeply; and so come to that perfectness of learning in the end, that quick wits, seem in hope, but do not in deed, or else very seldom,

¹ The celebrated Greek physician (A.D. 130-200), left more than eighty treatises. ² *I.e.* Cicero. ³ Toxophilus. ⁴ Like a stick, stiff.

ever attain unto. Also, for manners and life, hard wits commonly are hardly carried, either to desire every new thing, or else to marvel at every strange thing: and therefore they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs: and so, they become wise themselves, and also are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart. Not hasty in making, but constant in keeping any promise. Not rash in uttering, but wary in considering every matter: and thereby, not quick in speaking, but deep of judgment, whether they write, or give counsel in all weighty affairs. And these be the men that become in the end both most happy for themselves, and always best esteemed abroad in the world.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Construction sometimes showing traces of Latin influence.
2. Use of the participial phrase.
3. Vigorous, idiomatic English, with not many Latin terms.
4. Numerous classical allusions and quotations.
5. Familiar illustrations introduced.
6. Shrewd observation of character.

FRANCIS BACON.

(1561-1626.)

THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING. (1605.)

Bacon has the philosopher's power of tracing resemblances under apparent outward difference. His theory is, that there are certain universal principles underlying the different sciences, which should be collected and formulated into a science to be regarded as the basis of all others. To this science he gives the name of *philosophia prima*. Having been trained in the study of Aristotle, he felt that the latter's method of searching after truth was unsatisfactory, and

wrote the two books of the *Advancement*, as introductory to his greater work, the *Novum Organum*, or new instrument of knowledge.

Of the Universal Science, or Philosophia Prima.

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing from beneath: the one informed by the light of nature, the other inspired by divine revelation. The light of nature consisteth in the notions of the mind and the reports of the senses; for as for knowledge which man receiveth by teaching, it is cumulative and not original, as in a water that besides his own spring-head is fed with other springs and streams. So then, according to these two differing illuminations or originals, knowledge is first of all divided into divinity and philosophy.

In philosophy the contemplations of man do either penetrate unto God, or are circumferred¹ to nature, or are reflected or reverted upon himself. Out of which several inquiries there do arise three knowledges—divine philosophy, natural philosophy; and human philosophy or humanity. For all things are marked and stamped with this triple character—of the power of God, the difference of nature and the use of man. But because the distributions and partitions of knowledge are not like several lines that meet at one angle, and so touch but in a point, but are like branches of a tree that meet in a stem, which hath a dimension and quantity of entireness and continuance before it come to discontinue and break itself into arms and boughs; therefore it is good, before we enter into the former distribution, to erect and constitute one universal science by the name of *philosophia prima*, primitive or summary

¹ traced back.

philosophy, as the main and common way, before we come where the ways part and divide themselves; which science whether I should report as deficient or no, I stand doubtful. For I find a certain rhapsody of natural theology, and of divers parts of logic; and of that part of natural philosophy which concerneth the principles, and of that other part of natural philosophy which concerneth the soul or spirit—all these strangely commixed and confused; but being examined, it seemeth to me rather a depredation¹ of other sciences, advanced and exalted unto some height of terms, than anything solid or substantive of itself.

Nevertheless I cannot be ignorant of the distinction which is current, that the same things are handled but in several respects. As for example, that logic considereth of many things as they are in notion, and this philosophy as they are in nature—the one in appearance, the other in existence; but I find this difference better made than pursued. For if they had considered quantity, similitude, diversity, and the rest of these extern² characters of things, as philosophers and in nature, their inquiries must of force have been of a far other kind than they are. For doth any of them, in handling quantity, speak of the force of union, how and how far it multiplieth virtue? Doth any give the reason why some things in nature are so common, and in so great mass, and others so rare, and in so small quantity? Doth any, in handling similitude and diversity, assign the cause why iron should not move to iron, which is more like, but move to the loadstone, which is less like? Why in all diversities of things there should be certain participles³ in nature which are almost ambiguous to what kind they should be referred? But there is a mere and deep silence touching the nature and operation of

Want of
Method in
Studying
Similitudes
and Diversi-
ties.

¹ spoil.² external.³ derivatives.

those common adjuncts of things, as in nature; and only a resuming and repeating of the force and use of them in speech or argument. Therefore, because in a writing of this nature I avoid all subtlety, my meaning touching this original and universal philosophy is thus, in a plain

and gross description by negative: "That it
 Definition. be a receptacle for all such profitable observations and axioms as fall not within the compass of any of the special parts of philosophy or sciences, but are more common and of a higher stage".

Now that there are many of that kind need not be doubted. For example: is not the rule, *Si inæqualibus æqualia addas, omnia erunt inæqualia*¹, an
 Universal Principles. axiom as well of justice as of the mathematics? And is there not a true coincidence between commutative and distributive justice, and arithmetical and geometrical proportion? Is not that other rule, *Quæ in eodem tertio conveniunt, et inter se conveniunt*², a rule taken from the mathematics, but so potent in logic as all syllogisms are built upon it? Is not the observation, *Omnia mutantur, nil interit*³, a contemplation in philosophy thus, that the *quantum* of nature is eternal? in natural theology thus, that it requireth the same Omnipotency to make somewhat nothing, which at the first made nothing somewhat? According to the Scripture, *Didici quod omnia opera, quæ fecit Deus, perseverent in perpetuum; non possumus eis quicquam addere nec auferre*⁴. Is not the ground, which Machiavel⁵ wisely and largely discourseth concerning governments, that

¹ If equals be added to unequals, the wholes will be unequal.

² Things that are equal to a third thing are equal to each other.

³ All things are changed, nothing perishes.

⁴ I have learnt that all things which God hath made shall last for ever; we cannot add or take away anything therefrom.

⁵ Nicholas Machiavelli (1469-1527), the Florentine writer whose book on statecraft, *The Prince*, inculcates a policy of expediency which has given rise to the term 'machiavelian'.

the way to establish and preserve them is to reduce them *ad principia*, a rule in religion and nature as well as in civil administration? Was not the Persian magic a reduction or correspondence of the principles and architecture of nature to the rules and policy of governments? Is not the precept of a musician, to ^{Other} fall from a discord or harsh accord upon a ^{Similitudes.} concord or sweet accord, alike true in affection? Is not the trope¹ of music, to avoid or slide from the close or cadence, common with the trope of rhetoric of deceiving expectation? Is not the delight of the quavering upon a stop in music the same with the playing of light upon the water?

“Splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.”

Are not the organs of the senses of one kind with the organs of reflection, the eye with a glass, the ear with a cave or strait, determined and bounded? Neither are these only similitudes, as men of narrow observation may conceive them to be, but the same footsteps of nature, treading or printing upon several subjects or matters. This science, therefore (as I understand it) I may justly report as deficient; for ^{This Science} ^{Deficient.} I see sometimes the profounder sort of wits, in handling some particular argument, will now and then draw a bucket of water out of this well for their present use; but the spring-head thereof seemeth to me not to have been visited, being of so excellent use both for the disclosing of nature and the abridgment of art.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Sentences long, and construction often involved.
2. Vocabulary containing a large proportion of learned words.
3. Illustrations from natural phenomena, as in *Euphues*.

¹ turn, trick.

² The ocean glitters under the tremulous light.

4. Logical method in argument.
5. Instances of careful study of the natural sciences, and of music.
6. The philosophic ability to detect resemblances under things which at first sight appear widely different.

JOHN LOCKE.

(1632-1704.)

SOME THOUGHTS CONCERNING EDUCATION.

(1690.)

This work was originally compiled from letters written by Locke, giving the benefit of his experiences as a physician, scholar, and philosopher, with regard to the private tuition of boys, and their physical, mental, and moral training.

True Courage.

Fortitude is the guard and support of the other virtues, and without courage a man will scarce keep steady to his duty and fill up the character of a truly worthy man.

Courage that makes us bear up against dangers that we fear and evils that we feel is of great use in an estate, as ours is in this life, exposed to assaults on all hands; and therefore it is very advisable to get children into this armour as early as we can. Natural temper, I confess, does here a great deal; but even where that is defective, and the heart is in itself weak and timorous, it may, by a right management, be brought to a better resolution. What is to be done to prevent breaking children's spirits by frightful apprehensions instilled into them when young, or bemoaning themselves under every little suffering, I have already taken notice; how to harden their tempers and raise their *courage*, if we find them too much subject to fear, is farther to be considered.

True fortitude I take to be the quiet possession of a man's self, and an undisturbed doing his duty whatever evil besets or danger lies in his way. This there are so few men attain to that we are not to expect it from children. But yet something may be done, and a wise conduct by insensible degrees may carry them farther than one expects.

The neglect of this great care of them whilst they are young is the reason, perhaps, why there are so few that have this virtue in its full latitude when they are men. I should not say this in a nation so naturally brave as ours is, did I think that true fortitude required nothing but courage in the field and a contempt of life in the face of an enemy. This, I confess, is not the least part of it, nor can be denied the laurels and honours always justly due to the valour of those who venture their lives for their country. But yet this is not all. Dangers attack us in other places besides the field of battle, and, though death be the king of terrors, yet pain, disgrace, and poverty have frightful looks, able to discompose most men whom they seem ready to seize on; and there are those who contemn some of these, and yet are heartily frightened with the other. True fortitude is prepared for dangers of all kinds, and unmoved whatsoever evil it be that threatens. I do not mean unmoved with any fear at all. Where danger shows itself, apprehension cannot, without stupidity, be wanting; where danger is, sense of danger should be; and so much fear should keep us awake, and excite our attention, industry, and vigour, but not disturb the calm use of our reason nor hinder the execution of what that dictates.

The first step to get this noble and manly steadiness is what I have above mentioned: carefully to keep children from frights of all kinds when they are young. Let not any fearful apprehensions be talked into them, nor terrible objects surprise them. This often so shatters

and discomposes the spirits that they never recover it again, but during their whole life, upon the first suggestion or appearance of any terrifying idea, are scattered and confounded, the body is enervated and the mind disturbed, and the man scarce himself, or capable of any composed or rational action. Whether this be from an habitual motion of the animal spirits, introduced by the first strong impression, or from the alteration of the constitution by some more unaccountable way, this is certain: that so it is. Instances of such who in a weak, timorous mind have borne, all their whole lives through, the effects of a fright when they were young are everywhere to be seen, and therefore as much as may be to be prevented.

The next thing is by gentle degrees to accustom children to those things they are too much afraid of. But here great caution is to be used that you do not make too much haste, nor attempt this cure too early, for fear lest you increase the mischief instead of remedying it. Little ones in arms may be easily kept out of the way of terrifying objects, and till they can talk and understand what is said to them are scarce capable of that reasoning and discourse which should be used to let them know there is no harm in those frightful objects, which we would make them familiar with, and do, to that purpose, by gentle degrees, bring nearer and nearer to them. And, therefore, 't is seldom there is need of any application of this kind till after they can run about and talk. But yet, if it should happen that infants should have taken offence at anything which cannot be easily kept out of their way, and that they show marks of terror as often as it comes in sight, all the allays of fright, by diverting their thoughts or mixing pleasant and agreeable appearances with it, must be used till it be grown familiar and inoffensive to them.

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The only thing we naturally are afraid of is pain, or loss of pleasure. And because these are not annexed to any shape, colour, or size of visible objects, we are frightened with none of them till either we have felt pain from them, or have notions put into us that they will do us harm. The pleasant brightness and lustre of flame and fire so delights children that at first they always desire to be handling of it; but when constant experience has convinced them, by the exquisite pain it has put them to, how cruel and unmerciful it is, they are afraid to touch it, and carefully avoid it. This being the ground of fear, 't is not hard to find whence it arises, and how it is to be cured in all mistaken objects of terror. And when the mind is confirmed against them, and has got a mastery over itself and its usual fears in lighter occasions, it is good preparation to meet more real dangers. Your child shrieks and runs away at the sight of a frog; let another catch it and lay it down at a good distance from him. At first accustom him to look upon it; when he can do that, then to come nearer to it and see it leap without emotion; then to touch it lightly, when it is held fast in another's hand; and so on, till he can come to handle it as confidently as a butterfly or a sparrow. By the same way any other vain terrors may be removed, if care be taken that you go not too fast, and push not the child on to a new degree of assurance till he be thoroughly confirmed in the former. And thus the young soldier is to be trained on to the warfare of life, wherein care is to be taken that more things be not represented as dangerous than really are so, and then that whatever you observe him to be more frightened at than he should, you be sure to tole¹ him on to by insensible degrees, till he at last, quitting his fears, masters the difficulty and comes off with applause. Successes of this kind, often repeated,

¹ lead, entice.

will make him find that evils are not always so certain or so great as our fears represent them, and that the way to avoid them is not to run away, or be discomposed, dejected, and deterred by fear, where either our credit or duty requires us to go on.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Sentences long, but construction tolerably clear.
2. Use of prepositions following verbs: *attain to*, *seize on*.
3. Precepts enforced by simple, practical illustrations.
4. Philosophical reasoning, and application of psychology to education.

SECTION IV.—ESSAYS.

FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

It had been hard for him that spake it, to have put more truth and untruth together, in few words than in that speech: "whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god". For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation, such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen, as Epimenides the Candian¹, Numa the Roman², Empedocles the Sicilian³, and Appolonius of Tyana⁴; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd

¹ A poet and prophet of Crete, or Candia, who, when a boy, entered a cave on a hot day, and fell into a deep sleep, which lasted fifty-seven years. He afterwards performed the purification of Athens, B.C. 596.

² Numa Pompilius, second King of Rome, was instructed by the fountain goddess Egeria, who visited him in a grove near Rome.

³ A Sicilian magician, who lived about B.C. 490-430. According to legend, he was either divinely translated, or threw himself into the flames of Mount Ætna, but the volcano cast up one of his sandals, thus revealing the manner of his death.

⁴ A Pythagorean philosopher, born about B.C. 4, who professed magical powers, and gained great influence.

is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little, *magna civitas, magna solitudo*, because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship for the most part which is in less neighbourhoods. But we may go further and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flowers of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain, but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak; so great as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites, or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation. But the

Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum*, for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet, for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting. With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament, for heir in remainder, after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia; this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favour was so great as Antonius in a letter, which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's Philippiques, calleth him *venefica*, witch. As if he had enchanted Cæsar.

Augustus raised Agrippa¹ (though of mean birth) to that height as when he consulted with Mæcenas² about

¹ M. Vipsanius Agrippa, B.C. 63-12, friend of Augustus, a very successful general and naval commander. He was thrice made consul, and married as his third wife Julia, daughter of Augustus.

² Mæcenas, born between B.C. 73 and 63, died B.C. 12. A well-known patron of literature, and for many years the trusted minister of Augustus.

the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenus took the liberty to tell him that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa or take away his life, there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Cæsar, Seianus¹ had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, *Haec pro amicitia nostrâ non occultavi*. And the whole senate dedicated an altar to friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus² and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus, and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son. And did write also in a letter to the senate by these words, I love the man so well as I wish he may over-live me. Now, if these princes had been as a Trajan³ or a Marcus Aurelius⁴, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece, except they might have a friend to make it entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews, and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Commineus⁵ observeth

¹ Ælius Sejanus, commander of the Prætorian troops, and the chief confidant of Tiberius. Later, he began conspiring against the emperor, but was discovered and executed, A.D. 31.

² L. Septimius Severus, Roman emperor, A.D. 193-211.

³ Trajanus, Roman emperor, A.D. 98-117, surnamed "the good".

⁴ M. Aurelius Antoninus, Roman emperor, A.D. 161-180, surnamed "the philosopher".

⁵ Philippe de Comines, or Commynes, born at Comines, near Lille, about 1445; died Oct. 17, 1519. A noted French statesman and historian. He entered the service of Charles the Bold, and then went over to Louis

of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy, namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith, that towards his latter time that closeness did impair, and a little perish his understanding. Surely Commineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Louis XI., whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras¹ is dark, but true; *cor ne edito*, eat not the heart. Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (where-with I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth of operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchemists use to attribute to their stone for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet, without praying in aid of alchemists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and, on the other side weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression. And even so it is of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sove-

XI. (cf. Scott, *Anne of Geierstein* and *Quentin Durward*). In 1486 he was arrested, and imprisoned for some years. Later, he retired into private life, and wrote his *Mémoires*.

¹ A Greek philosopher, native of Samos, B.C. 540-510. After travelling in the East, he settled at Crotona in Italy, and there formed a brotherhood of 300 of his adherents for the purpose of studying his religious and philosophical theories.

reign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests; but it maketh daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another. He tosseth his thoughts more easily, he marshalleth them more orderly, he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles¹ to the King of Persia, that speech was like cloth of Arras opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best). But even, without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open and falleth within vulgar observation, which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus² saith well in one of his enigmas,

¹ A celebrated Athenian, lived about B.C. 514-467. He became political leader in Athens, and afterwards commander of the Athenian fleet, when he won the battle of Salamis, in which the greater part of Xerxes' fleet was destroyed.

² Of Ephesus, a philosopher of the Ionian school, who about B.C. 513 wrote a work *On Nature*. In his philosophy everything was in a state of passage backwards and forwards; hence fire, which seemed to typify this

dry light is ever the best. And certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth and that a man giveth himself as there is between the counsel of a friend and a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometime too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them to the great damage both of their fame and fortune. For as St. James saith,¹ they are as men that look sometimes into a glass and presently forget their own shape and favour. As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one, or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on, or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters, or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest, and such other fond and high imaginations to think himself all in all. But when all is done the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man

constant motion, was the origin of all things, kindling and extinguishing itself.

¹ James i. 23, 24.

think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces, asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man, it is well (that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all), but he runneth two dangers—one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled, for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful, and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed, partly of mischief, and partly of remedy, even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of but is unacquainted with your body, and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And, therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels, they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections and support of the judgment) followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate full of many kernels: I mean aid, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself, and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say, that a friend is another himself, for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart: the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of

those things will continue after him, so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy, for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth which are blushing in a man's own. So, again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father, to his wife but as a husband, to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless. I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part: if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

(1618-1667.)

ESSAYS. (1664.)

Cowley is well known as a writer both of poetry and prose. Though this latter is small in quantity, in quality it is very good. The following is an extract from the last of his eleven essays.

XI.—*Of Myself.*

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of

praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world or the glories or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed:

IX.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone:
The unknown are better than ill-known;
Rumour can ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends

X.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury;
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

XI.

Thus would I double my life's fading space;
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate,
But boldly say each night:
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with
the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace),
and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love

of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, the characters in me. They were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which, with the tree, still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early is a hard question. I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there, for I remember, when I began to read and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion), but there was wont to lie Spenser's works. This I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this), and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university, but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest, for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court¹ of one of the best princesses of the world. Now, though

¹ In 1644 the Solemn League and Covenant was required to be subscribed to in Cambridge University. Cowley, among many others, refused, and was ejected from Trinity College. He then went to Oxford, and became attendant on *Baron Jermyn*, the chief officer of *Queen Henrietta Maria*. In that year the queen escaped to France, attended by Jermyn and Cowley, and the latter remained abroad till 1656, when he returned to England. While abroad he was engaged in cyphering and decyphering the letters that passed between the king and queen, which entailed upon him much labour of correspondence.

I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life—that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts)—yet all this was so far from altering my opinion that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Long sentences, sometimes irregular in construction.
2. Frequent use of parentheses.
3. Illustrations generally from objects of nature; *cf.* his love of gardening.
4. Easy flow of language, and wide vocabulary.
5. Instances of being influenced by the classics.

JOHN DRYDEN.

(1631–1701.)

ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY. (1667.)

During the great plague of 1665, Dryden retired into the country, probably to Charlton in Wiltshire, and there composed this essay. It is written in the form of a discussion, carried on between four persons, while being rowed in a barge on the Thames. These characters are:—

1. *Crites* (Sir Robert Howard, son of the Earl of Berkshire).
2. *Eugenius* (Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset).
3. *Lisideius* (Sir Charles Sedley, a well-known Kentish baronet).
4. *Neander* (“novus homo”, a man of the people, *i.e.* Dryden).

The essay treats of five critical questions.

- i. The relative merits of ancient and modern poets.
- ii. Whether the existing French school of drama is superior or inferior to the English.
- iii. Whether the Elizabethan dramatists were in all points superior to those of Dryden’s own time.
- iv. Whether plays are more perfect in proportion as they conform to the dramatic rules laid down by the ancients.

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v. Whether the substitution of rhyme for blank verse in serious plays is an improvement.

This essay has been called "the first piece of good modern English prose on which our literature can pride itself". The following extract will show how far this criticism can be justified.

The Elizabethan Dramatists.

As Neander was beginning to examine *The Silent Woman*, Eugenius, earnestly regarding him, "I beseech you, Neander," said he, "gratify the company, and me in particular, so far, as before you speak of the play, to give us a character of the author, and tell us frankly your opinion whether you do not think all writers, both French and English, ought to give place to him".

"I fear," replied Neander, "that in obeying your commands I shall draw some envy on myself. Besides, in performing them, it will be first necessary to speak somewhat of Shakespeare and Fletcher his rivals in poesy; and one of them, in my opinion, at least his equal, perhaps his superior.

"To begin, then, with Shakespeare. He was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation. He was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches¹, his serious swelling into bombast. But

¹ clench=clinch; a catching together; hence a pun, a quibble. See Pope, *Dunciad*, Bk. i., l. 61—"Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes".

he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

(Virg. *Ecl.* i. 26.)

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eaton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare; and, however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem; and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

“Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont, especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 't is thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him appears by the verses he writ to him; and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster*¹: for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully, as the like is reported of Ben Jonson before he wrote *Every Man in his Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better, whose wild debaucheries and quickness of wit in re-

¹ Chiefly on account of the woman-page Bellario.

partees no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's—the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

“As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language and humour also in some measure we had before him, but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic¹ people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and

¹ mechanic=artisan. See Shak., *Jul. Cesar*, Act i. sc. 1, l. 3, and Wright's note.

he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 't was that he weaved it too closely and laboriously in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them: wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets; Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him; as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*¹, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us."

Points to Note in Style.

1. Clear construction of sentences.
2. Easy flow of polished language.
3. Evidence of thorough study of literature, ancient and modern.
4. Just and careful criticism.

¹ Published after Jonson's death: resembling the contents of a commonplace book, and of very unequal merit.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

(1672-1729.)

These papers, selected from the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, show the ways in which he endeavoured to use his influence upon his readers. By dealing playfully with "fashions hostile to a generous and earnest sense of life", he endeavoured to introduce more simplicity and sincerity into the social manners and customs of the time. The following essay is a good example of his method.

PAYING CALLS.

Perditur haec inter misero lux.—Hor. *Sat.* ii. 6, 59.

—in this giddy, busy maze,

I lose the sunshine of my days.—FRANCIS.

Sheer Lane, December 19.

There has not some years been such a tumult in our neighbourhood as this evening about six. At the lower end of the lane the word was given that there was a great funeral coming by. The next moment came forward in a very hasty, instead of a solemn manner, a long train of lights, when at last a footman, in very high youth and health, with all his force ran through the whole art of beating the door of the house next to me, and ended his rattle with the true finishing rap. This did not only bring one to the door at which he knocked, but to that of every one in the lane in an instant. Among the rest my country-maid took the alarm, and immediately running to me, told me "there was a fine, fine lady, who had three men with burial torches making way before her, carried by two men upon poles, with looking-glasses on each side of her, and one glass also before, she herself appearing the prettiest that ever was". The girl was going on in her story when the lady was come to my door in her chair, having mistaken the house. As soon as she entered I saw she was Mr. Isaac's scholar, by her speaking air, and the becoming

stop she made when she began her apology. "You will be surprised, sir," said she, "that I take this liberty who am utterly a stranger to you; besides that it may be thought an indecorum that I visit a man." She made here a pretty hesitation, and held her fan to her face. Then, as if recovering her resolution, she proceeded, "But I think you have said that men of your age are of no sex; therefore, I may be as free with you as one of my own." The lady did me the honour to consult me on some particular matters which I am not at liberty to report. But, before she took her leave, she produced a long list of names, which she looked upon, to know whither she was to go next. I must confess I could hardly forbear discovering to her immediately that I secretly laughed at the fantastical regularity she observed in throwing away her time; but I seemed to indulge her in it out of a curiosity to hear her own sense of her way of life. "Mr. Bickerstaff," said she, "you cannot imagine how much you are obliged to me in staying thus long with you, having so many visits to make; and, indeed, if I had not hopes that a third part of those I am going to will be abroad, I should be unable to despatch them this evening." "Madam," said I, "are you in all this haste and perplexity, and only going to such as you have not a mind to see?" "Yes, sir," said she, "I have several now with whom I keep a constant correspondence, and return visit for visit punctually every week, and yet we have not seen each other since last November was twelvemonth."

She went on with a very good air, and, fixing her eyes on her list, told me "she was obliged to ride about three miles and a half before she arrived at her own house". I asked, "after what manner this list was taken, whether the persons writ their names to her and desired that favour, or how she knew she was not cheated in her muster-roll?" "The method we take,"

says she, "is that the porter, or servant who comes to the door, writes down all the names who come to see us, and all such are entitled to a return of their visit." "But," said I, "madam, I presume those who are searching for each other, and know one another by messages, may be understood as candidates only for each other's favour; and that after so many how-do-ye-do's, you proceed to visit or not, as you like the run of each other's reputation or fortune." "You understand it aright," said she; "and we become friends as soon as we are convinced that our dislike to each other may be of any consequence. For, to tell you truly," said she, "for it is in vain to hide anything from a man of your penetration, general visits are not made out of goodwill, but for fear of ill-will. Punctuality in this case is often a suspicious circumstance; and there is nothing so common as to have a lady say, 'I hope she has heard nothing of what I said of her that she grows so great with me!' But, indeed, my porter is so dull and negligent that I fear he has not put down half the people I owe visits to." "Madam," said I, "methinks it would be very proper if your gentleman-usher or groom of the chamber were always to keep an account by way of debtor and creditor. I know a city lady who uses that method, which I think very laudable; for though you may possibly at the court end of the town receive at the door, and light up better than within Temple Bar, yet I must do that justice to my friends the ladies within the walls to own that they are much more exact in their correspondence. The lady I was going to mention as an example has always the second apprentice out of the counting-house for her own use on her visiting day, and he sets down very methodically all the visits which are made her. I remember very well that on the 1st of January last, when she made up her account for the year 1708, it stood thus:—

| MRS. COURTWOOD. Debtor. | <i>Per Contra.</i> Creditor. |
|--|---|
| To seventeen hundred and four visits re- ceived, . . . } | By eleven hundred and nine paid, . . . } |
| 1704 | 1109 |
| — | 595 |
| | 1704 |

“This gentlewoman is a woman of great economy, and was not afraid to go to the bottom of her affairs, and therefore ordered her apprentice to give her credit for my lady Easy’s impertinent visits upon wrong days, and deduct only twelve per cent. He had orders also to subtract one-and-a-half from the whole of such as she had denied herself to before she kept a day; and after taking those proper articles of credit on her side, she was in arrear but five hundred. She ordered her husband to buy in a couple of fresh coach-horses, and with no other loss than the death of two footmen, and a *churchyard cough* brought upon her coachman, she was clear in the world on the 10th of February last, and keeps so beforehand that she pays everybody their own, and yet makes daily new acquaintances.”

I do not know whether this agreeable visitant was fired with the example of the lady I told her of, but she immediately vanished out of my sight, it being, it seems, as necessary a point of good-breeding to go off as if you stole something out of the house as it is to enter as if you came to fire it.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Simple and clear construction of sentences.
2. Bright and vivacious humour.
3. Light satirical touches.
4. Minuteness of detail.
5. Dramatic dialogue introduced.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(1672-1719.)

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY. (1711.)

A series of papers on "Sir Roger", describing the life of a good old country gentleman of the times, were contributed by Addison to *The Spectator*, and greatly contributed towards its success and fame. The humorous and delightful descriptions of the characters and customs of those days are both valuable and interesting to us.

Sir Roger de Coverley's Chaplain.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life, and obliging conversation. He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist, and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night he asked me how I liked the good man I have just now mentioned, and, without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with *Latin* and *Greek* at his

own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman, rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish, and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them. If any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in *English*, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us, and, upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was *Saturday* night), told us the Bishop of *St. Asaph* in the morning and Dr. *South* in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw, with a great deal of pleasure, Archbishop *Tillotson*, Bishop *Saunderson*, Dr. *Barrow*, Dr. *Calamy*,

with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice, for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example, and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Long sentences, simple and clear in structure, chiefly aggregates of simple sentences, few qualifying phrases.
2. Traces of the balanced sentence still remaining.
3. Language fairly simple; polysyllabled words introduced in descriptions, but much less when quoting Sir Roger's own words.
4. Minute description, showing careful observation.
5. Touches of quiet humour, bringing out various traits of character.
6. General moral reflections introduced at the close of the different sketches.

Note.—This style should be compared with that of *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

CHARLES LAMB.

(1775-1834.)

DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children, to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or granddame whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so, at least, it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall—the whole story, down to the robin redbreasts!—till a foolish, rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding.

Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards

came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if someone were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry, gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed".

And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psalter by heart; ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was, and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came and bowed her down with pain, but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house, and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight, gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said, "Those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous.

Then I told how good she was to all her grand-

children, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I could never be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out;—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me,—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about the old melancholy-looking yew-trees or the firs, and picking up the red berries and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at,—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me,—or basking in the orangery till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes [in] that grateful warmth,—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging mid-way down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings.—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant.

Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her

grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us, and instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out,—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries;—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate, as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially, and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile, when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after-life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed, and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is between life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me, and, though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb.—Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John, and they

looked up and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother.

Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n, and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness and difficulty and denial meant in maidens,—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and, while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech:—“We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name”;—and, immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side;—but John L— (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Careful construction of sentences, giving the effect of easy flowing speech.
2. Simple English words, chosen with exquisite appropriateness.
3. Delicate blending of humour and pathos.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

(1785-1859.)

VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH

The following is an extract from a series of papers under the general heading *The English Mail-Coach*.

On this occasion the usual silence and solitude prevailed along the road. Not a hoof nor a wheel was to be heard. And to strengthen this false luxurious confidence in the noiseless roads, it happened also that the night was one of peculiar solemnity and peace. For my own part, though slightly alive to the possibilities of peril, I had so far yielded to the influence of the mighty calm as to sink into a profound reverie. The month was August, in the middle of which lay my own birthday—a festival to every thoughtful man suggesting solemn and often sigh-born thoughts. The county was my own native county, upon which, in its southern section, more than upon any equal area known to man past or present, had descended the original curse of labour in its heaviest form, not mastering the bodies only of men, as of slaves or criminals in mines, but working through the fiery will. Upon no equal space of earth was, or ever had been, the same energy of human power put forth daily. At this particular season also of the assizes, that dreadful hurricane of flight and pursuit, as it might have seemed to a stranger, which swept to and from Lancaster all day long, hunting the county up and down, and regularly subsiding back into silence about sunset, could not fail (when united with this permanent distinction of Lancashire as the very metropolis and citadel of labour) to point the thoughts pathetically upon that counter-vision of rest, of saintly repose from strife and sorrow, towards which, as to their secret haven, the

profounder aspirations of man's heart are in solitude continually travelling. Obliquely upon our left we were nearing the sea, which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state of halcyon repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light, bore each an orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight, and the first timid tremblings of the dawn, were by this time blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields, but with a veil of equable transparency. Except the feet of our own horses, which, running on a sandy margin of the road, made but little disturbance, there was no sound abroad. In the clouds, and on the earth, prevailed the same majestic peace; and in spite of all that the villain of a schoolmaster has done for the ruin of our sublimer thoughts, which are the thoughts of our infancy, we still believe in no such nonsense as a limited atmosphere. Whatever we may swear with our false, feigning lips, in our faithful hearts we still believe, and must for ever believe, in fields of air traversing the total gulf between earth and the central heavens. Still, in the confidence of children that tread without fear *every* chamber in their father's house, and to whom no door is closed, we, in that Sabbatic vision which sometimes is revealed for an hour upon nights like this, ascend with easy steps from the sorrow-stricken fields of earth upwards to the sandals of God.

Suddenly, from thoughts like these, I was awakened to a sullen sound as of some motion on the distant road. It stole upon the air for a moment; I listened in awe; but then it died away. Once roused, however, I could not but observe with alarm the quickened motion of our horses. Ten years' experience had made my eye learned in the valuing of motion, and I saw that we were now running thirteen miles an hour. I pretend to no pre-

sence of mind. On the contrary, my fear is that I am miserably and shamefully deficient in that quality as regards action. The palsy of doubt and distraction hangs like some guilty weight of dark unfathomed remembrances upon my energies when the signal is flying for *action*. But, on the other hand, this accursed gift I have, as regards *thought*, that in the first step towards the possibility of a misfortune I see its total evolution; in the radix of the series I see too certainly and too instantly its entire expansion; in the first syllable of the dreadful sentence I read already the last. It was not that I feared for ourselves. *Us*, our bulk and impetus charmed against peril in any collision. And I had ridden through too many hundreds of perils that were frightful to approach, that were matter of laughter to look back upon, the first face of which was horror, the parting face a jest, for any anxiety to rest upon *our* interests. The mail was not built, I felt assured, nor bespoke, that could betray *me*, who trusted to its protection. But any carriage that we could meet would be frail and light in comparison of ourselves. And I remarked this ominous accident of our situation. We were on the wrong side of the road. But then, it may be said, the other party, if other there was, might also be on the wrong side; and two wrongs might make a right. *That* was not likely. The same motive which had drawn *us* to the right-hand side of the road—viz. the luxury of the soft beaten sand, as contrasted with the paved centre—would prove attractive to others. The two adverse carriages would, therefore, to a certainty, be travelling on the same side; and from this side, as not being ours in law, the crossing over to the other would, of course, be looked for from *us*. Our lamps, still lighted, would give the impression of vigilance on our part. And every creature that met us would rely upon *us* for quartering. All this, and if the

separate links of the anticipation had been a thousand times more, I saw, not discursively, or by effort, or by succession, but by one flash of horrid simultaneous intuition.

Under this steady though rapid anticipation of the evil which *might* be gathering ahead, ah! what a sullen mystery of fear, what a sigh of woe, was that which stole upon the air as again the far-off sound of a wheel was heard. A whisper it was—a whisper from, perhaps, four miles off—secretly announcing a ruin that, being foreseen, was not the less inevitable; that, being known, was not therefore healed. What could be done—who was it that could do it—to check the storm-flight of these maniacal horses? Could I not seize the reins from the grasp of the slumbering coachman? You, reader, think that it would have been in *your* power to do so. And I quarrel not with your estimate of yourself; but from the way in which the coachman's hand was viced between his upper and lower thigh, this was impossible. Easy, was it? See, then, that bronze equestrian statue. The cruel rider has kept the bit in his horse's mouth for two centuries. Unbridle him for a minute, if you please, and wash his mouth with water. Easy, was it? Unhorse me, then, that imperial rider; knock me those marble feet from those marble stirrups of Charlemagne.

The sounds ahead strengthened, and were now too clearly the sounds of wheels. Who and what could it be? Was it industry in a taxed cart? Was it youthful gaiety in a gig? Was it sorrow that loitered, or joy that raced? For as yet the snatches of sound were too intermitting, from distance, to decipher the character of the motion. Whoever were the travellers, something must be done to warn them. Upon the other party rests the active responsibility, but upon *us*—and, woe is me! that *us* was reduced to my frail opium-shattered

self—rests the responsibility of warning. Yet, how should this be accomplished? Might I not sound the guard's horn? Already, on the first thought, I was making my way over the roof to the guard's seat. But this, from the accident which I have mentioned of the foreign mails being piled upon the roof, was a difficult and even dangerous attempt to one cramped by nearly three hundred miles of outside travelling. And, fortunately, before I had lost much time in the attempt, our frantic horses swept round an angle of the road which opened upon us, that final stage where the collision must be accomplished and the catastrophe sealed. All was apparently finished. The court was sitting, the case was heard, the judge had finished, and only the verdict was yet in arrear.

Before us lay an avenue, straight as an arrow, six hundred yards, perhaps, in length; and the umbrageous trees which rose in a regular line from either side, meeting high overhead, gave to it the character of a cathedral aisle. These trees lent a deeper solemnity to the early light, but there was still light enough to perceive, at the further end of this Gothic aisle, a frail, reedy gig, in which were seated a young man, and by his side a young lady. Ah! young sir, what are you about? If it is requisite that you should whisper your communications to this young lady—though really I see nobody, at an hour and on a road so solitary, likely to overhear you—is it therefore requisite that you should carry your lips forward to hers? The little carriage is creeping on at one mile an hour, and the parties within it, being thus tenderly engaged, are naturally bending down their heads. Between them and eternity, to all human calculation, there is but a minute and a half. Oh, heavens! what is it that I shall do? Speaking or acting, what help can I offer? Strange it is, and to a mere auditor of the tale might seem laughable, that I should need a

suggestion from the *Iliad* to prompt the sole resource that remained. Yet so it was. Suddenly I remembered the shout of Achilles¹, and its effect. But could I pretend to shout like the son of Peleus, aided by Pallas? No; but then I needed not the shout that should alarm all Asia militant; such a shout would suffice as might carry terror into the hearts of two thoughtless young people and one gig-horse. I shouted, and the young man heard me not. A second time I shouted, and now he heard me, for now he raised his head.

Here, then, all had been done that by me *could* be done; more on *my* part was not possible. Mine had been the first step; the second was for the young man; the third was for God. If, said I, this stranger is a brave man, and if, indeed, he loves the young girl at his side—or, loving her not, if he feels the obligation, pressing upon every man worthy to be called a man, of doing his utmost for a woman confided to his protection—he will at least make some effort to save her. If that fails, he will not perish the more, or by a death more cruel, for having made it, and he will die as a brave man should, with his face to the danger, and with his arm about the woman that he sought in vain to save. But if he makes no effort, shrinking, without a struggle, from his duty, he himself will not the less certainly perish for this baseness of poltroonery. He will die no less; and why not? Wherefore should we grieve that there is one craven less in the world? No; *let* him perish, without a pitying thought of ours wasted upon him; and in that case all our grief will be reserved for the fate of the helpless girl who now, upon the least shadow of failure in *him*, must, by the fiercest of translations—must, without time for a prayer—must, within seventy seconds, stand before the judgment-seat of God.

¹ After the death of Patroclus, Achilles arose, and with his voice alone put the Trojans to flight.

But craven he was not. Sudden had been the call upon him, and sudden was his answer to the call. He saw, he heard, he comprehended the ruin that was coming down; already its gloomy shadow darkened above him, and already he was measuring his strength to deal with it. Ah! what a vulgar thing does courage seem, when we see nations buying it and selling it for a shilling a day: ah! what a sublime thing does courage seem when some fearful summons on the great deeps of life carries a man, as if running before a hurricane, up to the giddy crest of some tumultuous crisis, from which lie two courses, and a voice says to him audibly, "One way lies hope; take the other, and mourn for ever!" How grand a triumph if, even then, amidst the raving of all around him and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation—is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God, and to seek his counsel from *Him*!

For seven seconds, it might be, of his seventy, the stranger settled his countenance steadfastly upon us, as if to search and value every element in the conflict before him. For five seconds more of his seventy he sat immovably, like one that mused on some great purpose. For five more, perhaps, he sat with eyes upraised, like one that prayed in sorrow, under some extremity of doubt, for light that should guide him to the better choice. Then suddenly he rose, stood upright, and by a powerful strain upon the reins, raising his horse's fore-feet from the ground, he slewed him round on the pivot of his hind-legs, so as to plant the little equipage in a position nearly at right angles to ours. Thus far his condition was not improved, except as a first step had been taken towards the possibility of a second. If no more were done, nothing was done; for the little carriage still occupied the very centre of our path, though in an altered direction. Yet even now it

may not be too late: fifteen of the seventy seconds may still be unexhausted; and one almighty bound may avail to clear the ground. Hurry, then, hurry! for the flying moments—*they* hurry. Oh, hurry, hurry, my brave young man! for the cruel hoofs of our horses—*they* also hurry! Fast are the flying moments, faster are the hoofs of our horses. But fear not for *him*, if human energy can suffice; faithful was he that drove to his terrific duty; faithful was the horse to *his* command. One blow, one impulse given with voice and hand, by the stranger; one rush from the horse, one bound as if in the act of rising to a fence, landed the docile creature's fore-feet upon the crown or arching centre of the road. The larger half of the little equipage had then cleared our over-towering shadow: *that* was evident even to my own agitated sight. But it mattered little that one wreck should float off in safety if upon the wreck that perished were embarked the human freightage. The rear part of the carriage—was *that* certainly beyond the line of absolute ruin? What power could answer the question? Glance of eye, thought of man, wing of angel, which of these had speed enough to sweep between the question and the answer, and divide the one from the other? Light does not tread upon the steps of light more indivisibly than did our all-conquering arrival upon the escaping efforts of the gig. *That* must the young man have felt too plainly. His back was now turned to us; not by sight could he any longer communicate with the peril; but by the dreadful rattle of our harness, too truly had his ear been instructed that all was finished as regarded any further effort of *his*. Already in resignation he had rested from his struggle, and perhaps in his heart he was whispering, "Father, which art in heaven, do Thou finish above what I on earth have attempted". Faster than ever mill-race we ran past them in our inexorable flight. Oh,

raving of hurricanes that must have sounded in their young ears at the moment of our transit! Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swingle-bar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced, as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically. I rose in horror to gaze upon the ruins we might have caused. From my elevated station I looked down, and looked back upon the scene, which in a moment told its own tale, and wrote all its records on my heart for ever.

Here was the map of the passion that now had finished. The horse was planted immovably, with his fore-feet upon the paved crest of the central road. He of the whole party might be supposed untouched by the passion of death. The little cany carriage—partly, perhaps, from the violent torsion of the wheels in its recent movement, partly from the thundering blow we had given to it—as if it sympathized with human horror, was all alive with tremblings and shiverings. The young man trembled not nor shivered. He sat like a rock. But *his* was the steadiness of agitation frozen into rest by horror. As yet he dared not to look round, for he knew that, if anything remained to do, by him it could no longer be done. And as yet he knew not for certain if their safety were accomplished. But the lady—

But the lady—! Oh, heavens! will that spectacle ever depart from my dreams, as she rose and sank upon her seat, sank and rose, threw up her arms wildly to heaven, clutched at some visionary object in the air, fainting, praying, raving, despairing? Figure to yourself, reader, the elements of the case; suffer me to recall before your mind the circumstances of that un-

paralleled situation. From the silence and deep peace of this saintly summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love—suddenly as from the woods and fields—suddenly as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and the tiger-roar of his voice.

The moments were numbered; the strife was finished; the vision was closed. In the twinkling of an eye, our flying horses had carried us to the termination of the umbrageous aisle; at right angles we wheeled into our former direction, the turn of the road carried the scene out of my eyes in an instant, and swept it into my dreams for ever.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Exquisite choosing of words.
2. Rhythmic form of sentences.
3. Emphasis given by repetition and placing of words.
4. Use of alliteration.

SECTION V.—HISTORY.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

(1552-1618.)

THE BATTLE OF LAKE THRASYMENE. (B.C. 217.)

(Raleigh's *History of the World*, Part I., Book V., Sect. 5.)

All the territory of *Cortona*, as far as to the Lake of *Thrasymene*, was on a light fire; which, while the consul thought to quench with his enemies' blood, he pursued *Hannibal* so unadvisedly that he fell with his whole army into an ambush cunningly laid for him between the Mountains of *Cortona* and the Lake. There was he charged unawares on all sides (save only where that great Lake of *Perusia* permitted neither his enemies to come at him, nor him to fly from them), knowing not which way to turn or make resistance. So was he slain in the place, accompanied with fifteen thousand dead carcasses of his countrymen. About six thousand of his men that had the vanguard took courage, as for the most part it happens, out of desperation, and breaking through the enemies that stood in their way, recovered the tops of the mountains. If these had returned and given charge upon the *Carthaginians'* backs, it was thought that they might have greatly amended, if not wholly altered the fortune of the day. But that violence of their fear, which, kindled by necessity, had wrought the effects of hardiness, was well assuaged when they ceased to despair of saving their lives by flight. They

stood still in a cold sweat upon the hill-top, hearing under them a terrible noise, but not any way discovering how things went, because of the great fog that held all that morning. When it grew toward noon the air was cleared, and they might plainly discern the lamentable slaughter of their fellows. But they stayed not to lament it, for it was high time they thought to be gone ere they were descried and attacked by the enemies' horse. This they should have thought upon sooner, since they had no mind to return into the fight; for descried they were, and *Maharbal* sent after them, who overtook them by night in a village, which he surrounded with his horse; and so they yielded the next day, rendering up their arms upon his promise of their lives and liberties. . . .

In these passages it is easy to discern the fruits of popular jealousy which persuaded the *Romans* to the yearly change of their commanders in the wars, which greatly endangered and retarded the growth of that empire. Certain it is that all men are far better taught by their own errors than by the examples of their foregoers. *Flaminius* had heard in what a trap *Sempronius* had been taken up but the year before by this subtle *Carthaginian*; yet suffered he himself to be caught soon after in the same manner. He had also belike forgotten how *Sempronius*, fearing to be prevented by a new consul, and ambitious of the sole honour of beating *Hannibal* in battle without help of his companion *Scipio*, had been rewarded with shame and loss; else would he not, contrary to all good advice, have been so hasty to fight before the arrival of *Servilius*. If *Sempronius* had been continued in his charge it is probable that he would have taken his companion with him the second time, and have searched all suspected places proper to have shadowed an ambush, both which this new consul *Flaminius* neglected. We may boldly avow it that by being continued in his government of *France* ten years, *Cæsar*

brought that mighty nation, together with the *Helvetians* and many of the *Germans*, under the *Roman* yoke; into which parts had there been every year a new lieutenant sent, they would hardly, if ever, have been subdued. For it is more than the best wit in the world can do to inform itself, within one year's compass, of the nature of a great nation, of the factions, of the places, rivers, and of all good helps whereby to prosecute a war to the best effect. Our princes have commonly left their deputies in *Ireland* three years; whence by reason of the shortness of that their time, many of them have returned as wise as they went out; others have profited more, and yet, when they began but to know the first rudiments of war and government fitting the country, they have been called home and new apprentices sent in their places to the great prejudice both of this and that estate. But it hath ever been the old course of the world rather to follow the errors than to examine them; and of princes and governors to uphold their slothful ignorance by the old examples and policy of other ages and people, though neither likeness of time, of occasion, or of any other circumstance have persuaded the imitation.

In the conclusion of his history, Raleigh shows that the chief reason why men have made great conquests is their desire of fame; and that this ambition is such a lasting passion because we will not believe in the vanity of worldly things until we are taught it by the approach of death. He ends with this fine peroration:—

O eloquent, just and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Thoroughness of plan and execution.
2. Minuteness of historical detail.
3. Use of parenthetical and dependent clauses.
4. Discussion of philosophical questions in relation to man's action, such as fate, foreknowledge, free-will.
5. Careful tracing out of cause and effect, motive and result, which makes the whole book specially instructive to students of human character.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

(1608-1674.)

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN
HAMPDEN (d. 1643).

The extract is taken from the *History of the Rebellion* (1641-1660), Book VII. of Part II., which is prefaced by a long dedication to the queen.

But the alarm had been brought to the Earl of *Essex* from all the quarters, who quickly gathered those troops together which were nearest, and directed *Chalgrove Field.* those to follow the prince, and to entertain him in skirmishes till himself should come up with the foot and some other troops, which he made all possible haste to do. So that when the prince had almost passed a fair plain or field, called *Chalgrove Field*, from whence he was to enter a lane which continued to the bridge, the enemies' horse were discovered marching after them with speed, and as they might easily overtake them in the lane, so they must as easily have put them into great disorder. Therefore the prince resolved to expect and stand them upon the open field, though his horse were all tired and the sun was grown very hot, it being about eight of the clock in the morning in *June*. He

then directed "that the guard of the prisoners should make what haste they could to the bridge, but that all the rest should return", for some were entered the lane; and so he placed himself and his troops as he thought fit in that field to receive the enemy, which made more haste and with less order than they should have done, and being more in number than the prince, and consisting of many of the principal officers, who having been present with the Earl of *Essex* when the alarm came, stayed not for their own troops, but joined with those who were ready in the pursuit, as they thought, of a flying enemy, or such as would easily be arrested in their hasty retreat; and having now overtaken them, meant to take revenge themselves for the damage they had received that night and morning, before the general could come up to have a share in the victory, though his troops were even in view. But the prince entertained them so roughly that though they charged very bravely and obstinately, being many of their best officers, of which the chiefest falling, the rest showed less vigour, in a short time they broke and fled, and were pursued till they came near the Earl of *Essex's* body, which being at near a mile's distance, and making a stand to receive their flying troops and to be informed of their disaster, the prince with his troops hastened his retreat and passed the lane and came safe to the bridge before any of the earl's forces came up, who found it then to no purpose to go farther, there being a good guard of foot which had likewise lined both sides of the hedges a good way in the lane. Thus the prince, about noon or shortly after, entered *Oxford* with near two hundred prisoners, seven cornets of horse, and four ensigns of foot, with most of the men he carried from thence; few only having been killed in the action, whereof some were of name. . . .

One of the prisoners taken in the action said, "That

he was confident Mr. *Hambden* was hurt, for he saw him ride off the field before the action was done, which he never used to do, with his head hanging down, and resting his hands upon the neck of his horse; by which he concluded he was hurt". The news the next day made the victory much more important, than it was thought to have been. There was full information brought of the great loss the enemy had sustained in their quarters, by which three or four regiments were utterly broken and lost, the names of many officers of the best account were known, who were either killed upon the place, or so hurt as there remained little hope of their recovery. . . .

But that which would have been looked upon as a considerable recompense for a defeat, could not but be thought a great addition to the victory, which was the death of Mr. *Hambden*, who, being shot into the shoulder with a brace of bullets, which broke the bone, within three weeks after died with extraordinary pain; to as great a consternation of all that party as if their whole army had been defeated or cut off.

Many men observed (as upon signal turns of great affairs as this was, such observations are frequently made) that the field in which the late skirmish was, and upon which Mr. *Hambden* received his death's wound, *Chalgrove* Field, was the same place in which he had first executed the ordinance of the militia, and engaged that county, in which his reputation was very great, in this rebellion; and it was confessed by the prisoners that were taken that day, and acknowledged by all, that upon the alarm that morning after their quarters were beaten up, he was exceeding solicitous to draw forces together to pursue the enemy, and being a colonel of foot, put himself among those horse as a volunteer who were first ready; and that when the prince made a stand, all the officers were of opinion to stay till their

body came up, and he alone (being second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men) persuaded and prevailed with them to advance; so violently did his fate carry him to pay the mulct in the place where he had committed the transgression about a year before.

He was a gentleman of a good family in *Buckinghamshire*, and born to a fair fortune, and of a most civil and affable deportment. In his entrance into the world, he indulged to himself all the license in sports and exercises and company which were used by men of the most jolly conversation. Afterwards he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society, yet preserving his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and above all a flowing courtesy to all men. . . . He was rather of reputation in his own country than of public discourse or fame in the kingdom, before the business of Ship-money; but then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man inquiring who and what he was that durst, at his own charge, support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country, as he thought, from being made a prey to the court. His carriage throughout this agitation was with that rare temper and modesty, that they who watched him narrowly to find some advantage against his person, to make him less resolute in his cause, were compelled to give him a just testimony. And the judgment that was given against him infinitely more advanced him than the service for which it was given. When this Parliament began (being returned knight of the shire for the county where he lived) the eyes of all men were fixed upon him as their *Patriæ Pater*, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it. And I am persuaded his power and interest at that time was greater to do good or hurt than any man's in the kingdom, or than any man of his rank hath had in any time;

for his reputation of honesty was universal, and his affections seemed so publicly guided that no corrupt or private ends could bias them.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Long sentences, mostly compound, but dependent clauses sometimes introduced.
2. Rhythmical balance generally studied.
3. Occasional use of sentences introduced by a relative pronoun.
4. Descriptive method, giving minute details, and attributing direct quotations to characters when possible.
5. Acquaintance with classics. Compare this character with Shakespeare's descriptions of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*.
6. Political bias of the historian.
7. Note that the old method of writing history somewhat resembled that of the modern historical novel—chiefly personal, rather than describing constitutional changes, and thus takes chiefly the form of memoirs.

BISHOP BURNET.

(1643–1714.)

HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES.

He (the king) was once very near a desperate resolution; he thought he could not trust the Tories, and he resolved he would not trust the Whigs; so he fancied the Tories would be true to the queen, and confide in her, though they would not in him. He therefore resolved to go over to *Holland*, and leave the government in the queen's hands: So he called the Marquis of *Caermarthen*, with the Earl of *Shrewsbury* and some few more, and told them he had a convoy ready, and was resolved to leave all in the queen's hands; since he did not see how he could extricate him-

1689.

self out of the difficulties into which the animosities of parties had brought him: They pressed him vehemently to lay aside all such desperate resolutions, and to comply with the present necessity; Much passion appeared among them: The debate was so warm that many tears were shed; In conclusion the king resolved to change his first design into another better resolution of going over in person to put an end to the war in *Ireland*: This was told me some time after by the Earl of *Shrewsbury*; but the queen knew nothing of it till she had it from me; so reserved was the king to her, even in a matter that concerned her so nearly. The king's design of going to *Ireland* came to be seen by the preparations that were ordered; But a great party was formed in both houses to oppose it: Some did really apprehend the air of *Ireland* would be fatal to so weak a constitution; And the Jacobites had no mind that King *James* should be so much pressed, as he would probably be, if the king went against him in person: It was by concert proposed in both houses on the same day to prepare an address to the king against this voyage: So the king, to prevent that, came the next day and prorogued the parliament; and that was soon after followed by a dissolution. . . .

The king was making all possible haste to open the campaign, as soon as things could be ready for it, in *Ireland*: The day before he set out he called me into his closet; he seemed to have a great weight upon his spirits, from the state of his affairs, which was then very cloudy: He said, for his own part, he trusted in God, and would either go through with his business, or perish in it: He only pitied the poor queen, repeating that twice with great tenderness, and wished that those who loved him would wait much on her, and assist her: He lamented much the factions and the heats that were among us,

1690.
The King's
Sense of
Affairs.

and that the bishops and clergy, instead of allaying them, did rather foment and inflame them: But he was pleased to make an exception of myself: He said the going to a campaign was naturally no unpleasant thing to him: He was sure he understood that better than how to govern *England*: He added that, though he had no doubt nor mistrust of the cause he went on, yet the going against King *James* in person was hard upon him, since it would be a vast trouble, both to himself and to the queen, if he should be either killed or taken prisoner: He desired my prayers, and dismissed me, very deeply affected with all he had said. . . .

The queen was now in the administration: It was a new scene to her; She had, for above sixteen months, made so little figure in business that those who imagined that every woman of sense loved to be meddling, concluded that she had a small proportion of it, because she lived so abstracted from all affairs. Her behaviour was indeed very exemplary; She was exactly regular, both in her private and public devotions: She was much in her closet, and read a great deal; She was often busy at work, and seemed to employ her time and thoughts in anything rather than matters of state; Her conversation was lively and obliging; Everything in her was easy and natural; she was singular in great charities to the poor, of whom, as there are always great numbers about courts, so the crowds of persons of quality that had fled over from *Ireland* drew from her liberal supplies: All this was nothing to the public. If the king talked with her of affairs, it was in so private a way that few seemed to believe it: The Earl of *Shrewsbury* told me that the king had upon many occasions said to him, that though he could not hit on the right way of pleasing *England*, he was confident she would; and that we should all be very happy under her. . . . The queen balanced all

The Queen
in the Ad-
ministration.

things with an extraordinary temper; and became universally beloved and admired by all about her.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Short sentences, divided by colons and semicolons, instead of full stops, as usual.
 2. Use of familiar and conversational words in vocabulary.
 3. Bright gossiping style, resembling that of a diary or journal rather than a history.
 4. Lively sympathy and intimacy with the leading personages of the times.
 5. Practical judgment and a sense of humour.
 6. Habit of collecting information from all sources available.
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DAVID HUME.

(1711-1776.)

THE DEFENCE OF STRAFFORD. (1641.)

If Strafford's apology was, in the main, so satisfactory when he pleaded to each particular article of the charge, his victory was still more decisive when he brought the whole together, and repelled the imputation of high treason: the crime which the Commons would infer from the full view of his conduct and behaviour. . . .

"Where has this species of guilt lain so long concealed?" said Strafford in conclusion; "Where has this fire been so long buried, during so many centuries, that no smoke should appear till it burst out at once, to consume me and my children? Better it were to live under no law at all, and, by the maxims of cautious prudence, to conform ourselves, the best we can, to the arbitrary will of a master, than fancy we have a law on which we can rely, and find at last that this law shall inflict a punishment precedent to the promulgation, and try us

by maxims unheard of till the very moment of the prosecution. If I fail on the Thames, and split my vessel on an anchor, in case there be no buoy to give warning, the party shall pay me damages; but if the anchor be marked out, then is the striking on it at my own peril. Where is the mark set upon this crime? Where is the token by which I should discover it? It has lain concealed under water; and no human prudence, no human innocence could save me from the destruction with which I am here threatened.

“It is now full two hundred and forty years since treasons were defined, and so long has it been since any man was touched to this extent, upon this crime, before myself. We have lived, my lords, happily to ourselves at home; we have lived gloriously abroad, to the world. Let us be content with what our fathers have left us; let not our ambition carry us to be more learned than they were in these killing and destructive arts. Great wisdom it will be in your lordships, and just providence for yourselves, for your posterities, for the whole kingdom, to cast from you, into the fire, these bloody and mysterious volumes of arbitrary and constructive treasons, as the primitive Christians did their books of curious arts, and betake yourselves to the plain letter of the statute, which tells you where the crime is, and points out to you the path by which you may avoid it.

“Let us not, to our own destruction, awake those sleeping lions by rattling up a company of old records, which have lain for so many ages by the wall, forgotten and neglected. To all my afflictions add not this, my lords, the most severe of any: that I, for my other sins, not for my treasons, be the means of introducing a precedent so pernicious to the laws and liberties of my native country.

“However, these gentlemen at the bar say they speak for the commonwealth, and they believe so. Yet, under

favour, in this particular, it is I who speak for the commonwealth. Precedents, like those endeavoured to be established against me, must draw along such inconveniences and miseries that in a few years the kingdom will be in the condition expressed in a statute of Henry IV., and no man shall know by what rule to govern his words and actions.

“Impose not, my lords, difficulties insurmountable upon ministers of state, nor disable them from serving, with cheerfulness, their king and country. If you examine them, and under such severe penalties, by every grain, by every little weight, the scrutiny will be intolerable. The public affairs of the kingdom must be left waste, and no wise man, who has any honour or fortune to lose, will ever engage himself in such dreadful, such unknown perils.

“My lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done. Were it not for the interest of these pledges which a saint in heaven left me, I should be loth—” (Here he pointed to his children, and his weeping stopped him.)—“What I forfeit for myself, it is nothing; but I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit for them, it wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity. Something I should have said; but I see I shall not be able, and therefore I shall leave it.

“And now, my lords, I thank God I have been, by His good blessing, sufficiently instructed in the extreme vanity of all temporary enjoyments, compared to the importance of our eternal duration. And so, my lords, even so, with all humility and with all tranquillity of mind, I submit, clearly and freely, to your judgments; and whether that righteous doom shall be to life or to death, I shall repose myself, full of gratitude and confidence, in the arms of the great Author of my existence.”

Certainly, says Whitlocke, with his usual candour, *never any man acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment, and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and actions, than did this great and excellent person; and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity.* It is remarkable that the historian who expresses himself in these terms was himself chairman of that committee which conducted the impeachment against this unfortunate statesman. The accusation and defence lasted for eighteen days. The managers divided the several articles among them, and attacked the prisoner with all the weight of authority, with all the vehemence of rhetoric, with all the accuracy of long preparation. Strafford was obliged to speak with deference and reserve towards his most inveterate enemies, the Commons, the Scotch nation, the Irish Parliament. He took only a very little time on each article to recollect himself. Yet he alone, without assistance, mixing modesty and humility with firmness and vigour, made such a defence, that the Commons saw it impossible, by a legal prosecution, ever to obtain a sentence against him.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Large proportion of long, compound sentences.
 2. Frequent introduction of direct quotations.
 3. Minute details carefully noticed.
 4. Sympathetic handling of character.
 5. Impartial analysis of motive.
 6. Careful reproduction of argument.
 7. Easy flow of eloquent language.
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EDWARD GIBBON.

(1737-1794.)

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN
EMPIRE. (1788.)

“Gibbon’s conception of the whole subject was as poetical as a great picture. Rome, eastern and western, was painted in the centre, dying slowly like a lion. Around it he pictured all the nations and hordes that wrought its ruin, told their stories from the beginning, and the results on themselves and on the world of their victories at Rome.”—Stopford Brooke’s *Eng. Lit. Primer*, p. 132.

Mahomet’s Preaching at Mecca and Flight to Medina.

The first and most arduous conquests of Mahomet were those of his wife, his servant, his pupil, and his friend, since he presented himself as a prophet to those who were most conversant with his infirmities as a man. Yet Cadijah believed the words, and cherished the glory of her husband; the obsequious and affectionate Zeid was tempted by the prospect of freedom; the illustrious Ali, the son of Abu Taleb, embraced the sentiments of his cousin with the spirit of a youthful hero; and the wealth, the moderation, the veracity of Abubekir confirmed the religion of the prophet whom he was destined to succeed. By his persuasion ten of the most respectable citizens of Mecca were introduced to the private lessons of Islam; they yielded to the voice of reason and enthusiasm; they repeated the fundamental creed, “There is but one God, and Mahomet is the apostle of God”; and their faith, even in this life, was rewarded with riches and honours, with the command of armies and the government of kingdoms. Three years were silently employed in the conversion of fourteen proselytes, the first fruits of his mission; but in the fourth year he

assumed the prophetic office, and resolving to impart to his family the light of divine truth, he prepared a banquet: a lamb, as it is said, and a bowl of milk for the entertainment of forty guests of the race of Hasham. "Friends and kinsmen," said Mahomet to the assembly, "I offer you, and I alone can offer, the most precious of gifts, the treasures of this world and of the world to come. God has commanded me to call you to his service. Who among you will support my burden? Who among you will be my companion and my vizier?" No answer was returned, till the silence of astonishment and doubt and contempt was at length broken by the impatient courage of Ali, a youth in the fourteenth year of his age. "O prophet, I am the man; whosoever rises against thee, I will dash out his teeth, tear out his eyes, break his legs, rip up his belly. O prophet, I will be thy vizier over them." Mahomet accepted his offer with transport, and Abu Taleb was ironically exhorted to respect the superior dignity of his son. In a more serious tone the father of Ali advised his nephew to relinquish his impracticable design. "Spare your remonstrances," replied the intrepid fanatic to his uncle and benefactor, "if they should place the sun on my right hand, and the moon on my left, they should not divert me from my course." He persevered ten years in the exercise of his mission; and the religion which has overspread the east and the west advanced with a slow and painful progress within the walls of Mecca. Yet Mahomet enjoyed the satisfaction of beholding the increase of his infant congregation of Unitarians who revered him as a prophet, and to whom he seasonably dispensed the spiritual nourishment of the Koran. . . .

The people of Mecca were hardened in their unbelief by superstition and envy. The elders of the city, the uncles of the prophet, affected to despise the presumption of an orphan, the reformer of his country: the pious

orations of Mahomet in the Caaba¹ were answered by the clamours of Abu Taleb. "Citizens and pilgrims, listen not to the tempter, hearken not to his impious novelties. Stand fast in the worship of Al Lâta and Al Uzzah." Yet the son of Abdallah was ever dear to the aged chief; and he protected the fame and person of his nephew against the assaults of the Koreishites, who had long been jealous of the pre-eminence of the family of Hashem. . . . A doubtful truce restored the appearances of concord, till the death of Abu Taleb abandoned Mahomet to the power of his enemies, at the moment when he was deprived of his domestic comforts by the loss of his faithful and generous Cadijah. Abu Sophian, the chief of the branch of Omniyah, succeeded to the principality of the republic of Mecca. A zealous votary of the idols, a mortal foe of the line of Hashem, he convened an assembly of the Koreishites and their allies to decide the fate of the apostle. His imprisonment might invoke the despair of his enthusiasm; and the exile of an eloquent and popular fanatic would diffuse the mischief through the provinces of Arabia. His death was resolved; and they agreed that a sword from each tribe should be buried in his heart, to divide the guilt of the deed, and baffle the vengeance of the Hashemites. An angel or a spy revealed their conspiracy, and flight was the only resource of Mahomet. At the dead of night, accompanied by his friend Abubekir, he silently escaped from his house: the assassins watched at the door; but they were deceived by the figure of Ali, who reposed on the bed, and was covered with the green vestment of the apostle. The Koreish respected the piety of the heroic youth; but some verses of Ali, which are still extant, exhibit an interesting picture of his anxiety, his tenderness, and his religious confidence. Three days Mahomet and his companion were concealed in the cave

¹ Temple of the national deities.

of Thor, at the distance of a league from Mecca; and in the close of each evening, they received from the son and daughter of Abubekir a secret supply of intelligence and food. The diligence of the Koreish explored every haunt in the neighbourhood of the city; they arrived at the entrance of the cavern; but the providential deceit of a spider's web and a pigeon's nest is supposed to convince them that the place was solitary and inviolate. "We are only two," said the trembling Abubekir. "There is a third," replied the prophet, "it is God himself." No sooner was the pursuit abated, than the two fugitives issued from the rock, and mounted their camels: on the road to Medina they were overtaken by the emissaries of the Koreish; they redeemed themselves with prayers and promises from their hands. In this eventful moment the lance of an Arab might have changed the history of the world. The flight of the prophet from Mecca to Medina has fixed the memorable era of the *Hejira*, which, at the end of twelve centuries, still discriminates the lunar year of the Mahometan nations.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Sentences mostly compound, of two or more independent clauses, separated by a colon or semicolon, often producing a rhythmical balance.

2. Not many dependent clauses or participial phrases.

3. Style sometimes pithy and condensed; *cf.* "the providential deceit of a spider's web and a pigeon's nest".

4. Dramatic effect given by the introduction of direct quotations.

5. Careful selection of those details which will render the description graphic, this effect being sometimes conveyed by a single word introduced; *cf.* "the *green* vestment of the apostle".

6. Resulting impression of style—that of an eloquent and polished oration.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY.

(1800-1859.)

THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR. (1685.)

The clock struck eleven, and the duke and his body-guard rode out of the castle. He was not in the frame of mind which befits one who is about to strike a decisive blow. The very children who pressed to see him pass observed and long remembered that his look was sad and full of evil augury. His army marched by a circuitous path, near six miles in length, towards the royal encampment on Sedgemoor. Part of the route is to this day called War Lane. The foot were led by Monmouth himself. The horse were confided to Grey, in spite of the remonstrances of some who remembered the mishap of Bridport. Orders were given that strict silence should be preserved, that no drum should be beaten, and no shot fired. The word by which the insurgents were to recognize one another in the darkness was Soho. It had doubtless been selected in allusion to Soho Fields in London, where their leader's palace stood.

At about one in the morning of Monday, the 6th of July, the rebels were on the open moor. But between them and the enemy lay three broad rhines filled with water and soft mud. Two of these, called the Black Ditch and the Langmoor Rhine, Monmouth knew that he must pass. But, strange to say, the existence of a trench, called the Bussex Rhine, which immediately covered the royal encampment, had not been mentioned to him by any of his scouts.

The wains which carried the ammunition remained at the entrance of the moor. The horse and foot, in a

long narrow column, passed the Black Ditch by a causeway. There was a similar causeway across the Langmoor Rhine: but the guide, in the fog, missed his way. There was some delay and some tumult before the error could be rectified. At length the passage was effected; but, in the confusion, a pistol went off. Some men of the Horse Guards, who were on watch, heard the report, and perceived that a great multitude was advancing through the mist. They fired their carbines and galloped off in different directions to give the alarm. Some hastened to Weston Zoyland where the cavalry lay. One trooper spurred to the encampment of the infantry and cried out vehemently that the enemy was at hand. The drums of Dumbarton's regiment beat to arms; and the men got fast into their ranks. It was time; for Monmouth was already drawing up his army for action. He ordered Grey to lead the way with the cavalry, and followed himself at the head of the infantry. Grey pushed on till his progress was unexpectedly arrested by the Bussex Rhine. On the opposite side of the ditch the king's foot were hastily forming in order of battle.

"For whom are you?" called out an officer of the Foot Guards. "For the King," replied a voice from the ranks of the rebel cavalry. "For which King?" was then demanded. The answer was a shout of "King Monmouth", mingled with the war-cry, which forty years before had been inscribed on the colours of the parliamentary regiments, "God with us".

The royal troops instantly fired such a volley of musketry as sent the rebel horse flying in all directions. The world agreed to ascribe this ignominious rout to Grey's pusillanimity. Yet it is by no means clear that Churchill would have succeeded better at the head of men who had never before handled arms on horseback, and whose horses were unused, not only to stand fire, but to obey the rein.

A few minutes after the duke's horse had dispersed themselves over the moor, his infantry came up running fast, and guided through the gloom by the lighted matches of Dumbarton's regiment.

Monmouth was startled by finding that a broad and profound trench lay between him and the camp which he had hoped to surprise. The insurgents halted on the edge of the rhine and fired. Part of the royal infantry on the opposite bank returned the fire. During three-quarters of an hour the roar of the musketry was incessant. The Somersetshire peasants behaved themselves as if they had been veteran soldiers, save only that they levelled their pieces too high.

But now the other divisions of the royal army were in motion. The Life Guards and Blues came pricking fast from Weston Zoyland, and scattered in an instant some of Grey's horse who had attempted to rally. The fugitives spread a panic among their comrades in the rear who had charge of the ammunition. The wagoners drove off at full speed, and never stopped till they were many miles from the field of battle. Monmouth had hitherto done his part like a stout and able warrior. He had been seen on foot, pike in hand, encouraging his infantry by voice and by example. But he was too well acquainted with military affairs not to know that all was over. His men had lost the advantage which surprise and darkness had given them. They were deserted by the horse and by the ammunition-wagons. The king's forces were now united and in good order. Feversham had been awakened by the firing, had got out of bed, had adjusted his cravat, had looked at himself well in the glass, and had come to see what his men were doing. Meanwhile, what was of much more importance, Churchill had rapidly made an entirely new disposition of the royal infantry. The day was about to break. The event of a conflict on an open plain by broad sun-

light could not be doubtful. Yet Monmouth should have felt that it was not for him to fly, while thousands, whom affection for him had hurried to destruction, were still fighting manfully in his cause. But vain hopes and the intense love of life prevailed. He saw that if he tarried the royal cavalry would soon intercept his retreat. He mounted and rode from the field.

Yet his foot, though deserted, made a gallant stand. The Life Guards attacked them on the right, the Blues on the left; but the Somersetshire clowns, with their scythes and the butt end of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers. Oglethorpe made a vigorous attempt to break them, and was manfully repulsed. Sarsfield, a brave Irish officer, whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, charged on the other flank. His men were beaten back. He was himself struck to the ground, and lay for a time as one dead. But the struggle of the hardy rustics could not last. Their powder and ball were spent. Cries were heard of "Ammunition! for God's sake ammunition!" But no ammunition was at hand. And now the king's artillery came up. It had been posted half a mile off, on the highroad from Weston Zoyland to Bridgewater. So defective were then the appointments of an English army that there would have been much difficulty in dragging the great guns to the place where the battle was raging, had not the Bishop of Winchester offered his coach-horses and traces for the purpose. This interference of a Christian prelate in a matter of blood has, with strange inconsistency, been condemned by some Whig writers who can see nothing criminal in the conduct of the numerous Puritan ministers then in arms against the government. Even when the guns had arrived, there was such a want of gunners that a sergeant of Dumbarton's regiment was forced to take on himself the management of several pieces. The

cannon, however, though ill served, brought the engagement to a speedy close. The pikes of the rebel battalions began to shake: the ranks broke; the king's cavalry charged again, and bore down everything before them; the king's infantry came pouring across the ditch. Even in that extremity the Mendip miners stood bravely to their arms, and sold their lives dearly. But the rout was in a few minutes complete. Three hundred of the soldiers had been killed or wounded. Of the rebels more than a thousand lay dead on the moor.

So ended the last fight deserving the name of battle that has been fought on English ground. The impression left on the simple inhabitants of the neighbourhood was deep and lasting. That impression, indeed, has been frequently renewed. For even in our own time the plough and the spade have not seldom turned up ghastly memorials of the slaughter, skulls and thigh-bones, and strange weapons made out of implements of husbandry. Old peasants related very recently, that in their childhood they were accustomed to play on the moor at the fight between King James's men and King Monmouth's men, and that King Monmouth's men always raised the cry of Soho.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Simple and clear construction of sentences.
 2. Minute detail, and accuracy of description.
 3. Narrative graphic, resembling that of an eye-witness.
 4. Impressive conclusion.
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SIR THOMAS NORTH.

NORTH'S PLUTARCH. (1579.)

The Death of Marcus Brutus after the Battle of Philippi. (B.C. 42.)

So there were slain in the field all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility that were in his army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save Brutus' life: amongst whom there was one of Brutus' friends called Lucilius, who seeing a troupe of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going altogether right against Brutus, he determined to stay them with the hazard of his life; and being left behind, told them that he was Brutus: and because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to Antonius, for he said he was afraid of Caesar, and that he did trust Antonius better. These barbarous men, being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto Antonius, to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. Others also understanding of it, that they had brought Brutus prisoner, they came out of all parts of the camp to see him, some pitying his hard fortune, and others saying that it was not done like himself, so cowardly to be taken alive of the barbarous people for fear of death! When they came near together, Antonius stayed a while bethinking himself how he should use Brutus. In the meantime Lucilius was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said: "Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken nor shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune: for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be

found like himself. And now for myself, I am come unto thee, having deceived these men of arms here, bearing them down¹ that I was Brutus, and do not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to."

Lucilius' words made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius, on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them: "My companions, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong: but I assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed. For instead of an enemy you have brought me a friend: and for my part, if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men my friends, as this man here, than mine enemies." Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody, and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.

Now Brutus having passed a little river, walled in on every side with high rocks and shadowed with great trees, being then dark night, he went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain of his captains and friends that followed him; and looking up to the firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses, of the which Volumnius wrote the one, to this effect:

"Let not the wight from whom this mischief went,
O Jove, escape without due punishment":

and saith that he had forgotten the other. Within a little while after, naming his friends that he had seen slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before, specially when he came to name Labio and Flavius, of whom the one was his lieutenant, and the

¹ browbeating them into acknowledging.

other captain of the pioners¹ of his camp. In the meantime one of the company being athirst, and seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his sallet². At the same time they heard a noise on the other side of the river: whereupon Volumnius took Dardanus, Brutus' servant, with him, to see what it was: and returning straight again, asked if there were any water left. Brutus, smiling, gently told him, "All is drunk, but they shall bring you some more". Thereupon he sent him again that went for water before, who was in great danger of being taken by his enemies, and hardly escaped, being sore hurt.

Now the night being far spent, Brutus as he sat bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius himself, and speaking to him in Greek, prayed him for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest, one of them said, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, "We must fly indeed," said he, "but it must be with our hands, not with our feet". Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: "It rejoiceth my heart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say that

¹ pioneers.² helmet.

they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them."

Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but Strato (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, became afterwards Octavius Cæsar's friend: so shortly after, Cæsar being at good leisure, he brought Strato, Brutus' friend, unto him, and weeping said: "Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus". Cæsar welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him, until the battle of Actium.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Large proportion of familiar English words used.
2. Idiomatic and vigorous turns of expression.
3. Effect produced is rather that of an original English narrative than of a translation.

SECTION VI. BIOGRAPHY.

IZAACK WALTON.

(1593-1683.)

*Lives of Hooker, Sanderson, Wotton, Donne, and
Herbert. (1670.)*

I return to Mr. Hooker in his college, where he continued his studies with all quietness, for the space of three years; about which time he entered into sacred orders, being then made deacon and priest, and, not long after, was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross.

In order to which sermon, to London he came, and immediately to the Shunamite's house; which is a house so called, for that, besides the stipend paid the preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his sermon. This house was then kept by John Churchman, sometime a draper of good note in Watling Street, upon whom poverty had at last come like an armed man, and brought him into a necessitous condition; which, though it be a punishment, is not always an argument of God's disfavour; for he was a virtuous man. I shall not yet give the like testimony of his wife, but leave the reader to judge by what follows. But to this house Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion, than against a friend that dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier an horse (supposing the horse trotted when he did not); and at this

time also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means could be used to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon: but a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581. . . .

But the justifying of this doctrine did not prove of so bad consequence, as the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker, that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, "that he was a man of a tender constitution"; and "that it was best for him to have a wife that might prove a nurse to him; such a one as might both prolong his life and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him if he thought fit to marry". And he not considering, that *the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light*; but, like a true Nathaniel, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazer was trusted with (you may read it in the book of Genesis), when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice: and he did so in that or about the year following. Now, the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house: so that the good man had no reason to rejoice in the wife of his youth; but too just cause to say with the holy prophet, *Woe is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar!*

This choice of Mr. Hooker's (if it were his choice) may be wondered at: but let us consider that the prophet Ezekiel says, *There is a wheel within a wheel*; a secret sacred wheel of Providence (most visible in marriages), guided by His hand, that *allows not the race to the swift*, nor *bread to the wife*, nor good wives to good men: and He that can bring good out of evil (for mortals are blind to this reason) only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker. But so it was; and let the reader cease to wonder, for *affliction is a divine diet*; which, though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good though bitter physic to those children, whose souls are dearest to him.

And by this marriage the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his college; from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world; into those corroding cares that attend a married priest and a country parsonage, which was Draiton Beauchamp in Buckinghamshire, not far from Ailsbury, and in the diocese of Lincoln, to which he was presented by John Cheney, Esq. (then patron of it), the ninth of December, 1584, where he behaved himself so as to give no occasion of evil, but (as St. Paul adviseth a minister of God) *in much patience, in afflictions, in anguishes, in necessities, in poverty, and no doubt in long suffering*; yet troubling no man with his discontents and wants.

And in this condition he continued about a year; in which time his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor; where they found him with a book in his hand (it was the *Odes of Horace*), he being then like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field; which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for

that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them; for *Richard was called to rock the cradle*; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they stayed but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition: and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, "Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground, as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies". To whom the good man replied, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me; but labour (as indeed I do daily) to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace".

At their return to London, Edwin Sandys acquaints his father, who was then Archbishop of York, with his tutor's sad condition, and solicits for his removal to some benefice that might give him a more quiet and a more comfortable subsistence; which his father did most willingly grant him, when it should next fall into his power. And not long after this time, which was in the year 1585, Mr. Alvy (Master of the Temple) died, who was a man of a strict life, of great learning, and of so venerable behaviour, as to gain so high a degree of

love and reverence from all men, that he was generally known by the name of Father Alvy. And at the Temple-reading, next after the death of this Father Alvy, he the said Archbishop of York being then at dinner with the Judges, the Reader, the Benchers of that society, met with a general condolment for the death of Father Alvy, and with a high commendation of his saint-like life, and of his great merit both towards God and man; and as they bewailed his death, so they wished for a like pattern of virtue and learning to succeed him. And here came in a fair occasion for the Bishop to commend Mr. Hooker to Father Alvy's place, which he did with so effectual an earnestness, and that seconded with so many other testimonies of his worth, that Mr. Hooker was sent for from Draiton Beauchamp to London, and there the mastership of the Temple proposed unto him by the Bishop, as a greater freedom from his country cares, the advantage of a better society, and a more liberal pension than his country parsonage did afford him. But these reasons were not powerful enough to incline him to a willing acceptance of it; his wish was rather to gain a better country living, where he might "see God's blessing spring out of the earth, and be free from noise" (so he expressed the desire of his heart), "and eat that bread which he might more properly call his own, in privacy and quietness". But, notwithstanding this averseness, he was at last persuaded to accept of the Bishop's proposal, and was by patent for life made Master of the Temple the 17th of March, 1585, he being then in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Long sentences, loosely connected, but not involved.
2. Frequent use of participial phrases.
3. Style influenced by familiarity with the Bible.
4. Touches of pathos.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

(1774-1843.)

THE LIFE OF NELSON. (1758-1805.)

This story of Nelson's life is most interestingly told, full of graphic incidents and allusions to the hero's own sayings and letters, which give a clear and unprejudiced view of his character. The best introduction to it is given in Southey's own words.

Introduction.

"Many lives of Nelson have been written: one is yet wanting, clear and concise enough to become a manual for the young sailor, which he may carry about with him, till he has treasured up the example in his memory and in his heart. In attempting such a work, I shall write the eulogy of our great naval hero; for the best eulogy of Nelson is the faithful history of his actions: and the best history must be that which shall relate them most perspicuously."

On a North Pole Expedition.

Young Nelson exposed himself in a more daring manner. One night, during the mid-watch, he stole from the ship with one of his comrades, taking advantage of a rising fog, and set off over the ice in pursuit of a bear. It was not long before they were missed. The fog thickened, and Captain Lutwidge and his officers became exceedingly alarmed for their safety. Between three and four in the morning the weather cleared, and the two adventurers were seen, at a considerable distance from the ship, attacking a huge bear. The signal for them to return was immediately made: Nelson's comrade called upon him to obey it, but in vain; his musket had flashed in the pan; their ammuni-

tion was expended; and a chasm in the ice, which divided him from the bear, probably saved his life. "Never mind," he cried; "do but let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him." Captain Lutwidge, however, seeing his danger, fired a gun, which had the desired effect of frightening the beast; and the boy then returned, somewhat afraid of the consequences of his trespass. The captain reprimanded him sternly for conduct so unworthy of the office which he filled, and desired to know what motive he could have for hunting a bear. "Sir," said he, pouting his lip, as he was wont to do when agitated, "I wished to kill the bear, that I might carry the skin to my father."

On the morrow, the wind sprang up to the N.N.E. All sail was set, and the ships forced their way through a great deal of very heavy ice. They frequently struck, and with such force, that one stroke broke the shank of the *Racehorse's* best bower-anchor: but the vessels made way; and by noon they had cleared the ice, and were out at sea. The next day they anchored in Smeerenberg Harbour, close to that island of which the westernmost point is called Hakluyt's Headland, in honour of the great promoter and compiler of our English voyages of discovery.

Called to be a Hero.

The ships were paid off shortly after their return to England; and Nelson was then placed by his uncle with Captain Farmer, in the *Seahorse*, of twenty guns, then going out to the East Indies in the squadron under Sir Edward Hughes. He was stationed in the foretop at watch and watch. His good conduct attracted the attention of the master (afterwards Captain Surridge) in

whose watch he was; and, upon his recommendation, the captain rated him as midshipman. At this time his countenance was florid, and his appearance rather stout and athletic; but, when he had been about eighteen months in India, he felt the effects of that climate, so perilous to European constitutions. The disease baffled all power of medicine; he was reduced almost to a skeleton; the use of his limbs was for some time entirely lost; and the only hope that remained, was from a voyage home. Accordingly he was brought home by Captain Pigot, in the *Dolphin*; and had it not been for the attentive and careful kindness of that officer on the way, Nelson would never have lived to reach his native shores. He had formed an acquaintance with Sir Charles Pole, Sir Thomas Troubridge, and other distinguished officers, then, like himself, beginning their career: he had left them pursuing that career in full enjoyment of health and hope, and was returning from a country, in which all things were to him new and interesting, with a body broken down by sickness, and spirits which had sunk with his strength. Long afterwards, when the name of Nelson was known as widely as that of England itself, he spoke of the feelings which he at this time endured. "I felt impressed", said he, "with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patron. Well, then," I exclaimed, "I will be a hero! and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!"

Long afterwards Nelson loved to speak of the feelings of that moment: and from that time, he often said, a

radiant orb was suspended in his mind's eye, which urged him onward to renown. The state of mind in which these feelings began, is what the mystics mean by their season of darkness and desertion. If the animal spirits fail, they represent it as an actual temptation. The enthusiasm of Nelson's nature had taken a different direction, but its essence was the same. He knew to what the previous state of dejection was to be attributed; that an enfeebled body, and a mind depressed, had cast this shade over his soul: but he always seemed willing to believe, that the sunshine which succeeded bore with it a prophetic glory, and that the light which led him on, was "light from heaven".

Points to Note in Style.

1. Simple and clear construction of sentences.
2. Flowing ease of expression.
3. Polished effect due to appropriate use of common words.
4. Careful illustration of Nelson's character by reference to his own sayings and letters.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

(1795-1881.)

COLERIDGE'S CONVERSATION.

The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The

whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in cork-screw fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and sing-song; he spoke as if preaching,—you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his “object” and “subject”, terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province, and how he sang and snuffled them into “om-m-mject”, “sum-m-mject”, with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

Sterling, who assiduously attended him, with profound reverence, and was often with him by himself, for a good many months, gives a record of their first colloquy. Their colloquies were numerous, and he had taken note of many; but they are all gone to the fire, except this first, which Mr. Hare has printed,—unluckily without date. It contains a number of ingenious, true and half-true observations, and is of course a faithful epitome of the things said; but it gives small idea of Coleridge’s way of talking;—this one feature is perhaps the most recognizable, “Our interview lasted for three hours, during which he talked two hours and three-quarters”. Nothing could be more copious than his talk; and furthermore it was always, virtually or literally, of the nature of a monologue; suffering no interruption, however reverent; hastily putting aside all foreign additions, annotations, or most ingenuous

desires for elucidation, as well-meant superfluities which would never do. Besides, it was talk not flowing anywhither like a river, but spreading everywhither in inextricable currents and regurgitations like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in definite goal or aim, nay often in logical intelligibility; *what* you were to believe or do, on any earthly or heavenly thing, obstinately refusing to appear from it. So that, most times, you felt logically lost; swamped near to drowning in this tide of ingenious vocables, spreading out boundless as if to submerge the world.

To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long-run be exhilarating to no creature; how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you!—I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers, —certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own. He began anywhere: you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation: instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear, for setting out; perhaps did at last get under way,—but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into new courses; and ever into new; and before long into all the universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any.

His talk, alas! was distinguished, like himself, by irresolution: it disliked to be troubled with conditions, abstinences, definite fulfilments;—loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor and his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket for itself! He had knowledge about many things and topics, much curious reading; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantian transcendentalism, with its “sum-m-mjects” and “om-m-mjects”. Sad enough; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner.

Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy, sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible:—on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words; till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. Eloquent artistically expressive words you always had; piercing radiances of a most subtle insight came at intervals; tones of noble pious sympathy, recognizable as pious though strangely coloured, were never wanting long; but in general you could not call this aimless, cloud-capt, cloud-based, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of “excellent talk”, but only of “surprising”; and were reminded bitterly of Hazlitt’s account of it: “Excellent talker, very,—if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion”. Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasm in him, contemptuous enough of the world and

its idols and popular dignitaries; he had traits even of poetic humour: but in general he seemed deficient in laughter; or indeed in sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantian haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning sing-song of that theosophic-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling.

In close colloquy, flowing within narrower banks, I suppose he was more definite and apprehensible; Sterling in aftertimes did not complain of his unintelligibility, or imputed it only to the abstruse high nature of the topics handled. Let us hope so, let us try to believe so! There is no doubt but Coleridge could speak plain words on things plain: his observations and responses on the trivial matters that occurred were as simple as the commonest man's, or were even distinguished by superior simplicity as well as pertinency. "Ah! your tea is too cold, Mr. Coleridge," mourned the good Mrs. Gilman once, in her kind, reverential and yet protective manner, handing him a very tolerable though belated cup.—"It's better than I deserve!" snuffed he, in a low hoarse murmur, partly courteous, chiefly pious, the tone of which still abides with me: "It's better than I deserve!"

Points to Note in Style.

1. Sentences containing few finite verbs, occasionally none.
2. Peculiar aptness of adjectives and adverbs.
3. Frequent use of adjectival and participial phrases.

4. Coining of curious words whenever required—"vehiculatory", &c.
5. Employment of metaphor.
6. General effect produced, of greatly condensed expression.

SECTION VII. DIARIES AND LETTERS.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

(1632-1703.)

PEPYS' DIARY.

The original diary is in the Pepysian Library at Magdalen College, Cambridge.

May 1st, 1669.—Up betimes. Called by my tailor, and here first put on a summer suit this year; but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest and coloured camelot tunic, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afraid to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be foul. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and, indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that people did mightily look upon us; and, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day. But

we set out, out of humour—I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife, that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pall Mall, and, against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant, the day being displeasing, though the park full of coaches, but dusty and windy and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and what made it worse, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure. But here was W. Batelier and his sister in a borrowed coach by themselves, and I took them and we to the lodge, and at the door did give them a syllabub and other things, cost me 12s., and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till the evening, and then home, leaving Mr. Sheres at St. James's gate, where he took leave of us for altogether, he being this night to set out for Portsmouth post, in his way to Tangier, which troubled my wife mightily, who is mighty, though not, I think, too fond of him.

2nd (Lord's day).—Up, and by water to Whitehall, and there visited my Lord Sandwich, who, after about two months' absence at Hinchinbroke, came to town last night. I saw him, and he was very kind; and I am glad he is so, I having not wrote to him all the time, my eyes indeed not letting me. Here with Sir Charles Harbord and my Lord Hinchinbroke, and Sidney, and we looked upon the picture of Tangier, designed by Charles Harbord and drawn by Daucre, which my Lord Sandwich admires, as being the truest picture that ever he saw in his life; and it is indeed very pretty, and I will be at the cost of having one of them. Thence with them to Whitehall, and there walked out the sermon with one or other; and then saw the Duke of York, and

he talked to me a little; and so away back by water home. After dinner, got my wife to read, and then by coach, she and I, to the park, and there spent the evening with much pleasure, it proving clear after a little shower, and we mighty fine as yesterday, and people mightily pleased with our coach, as I perceive; but I had not on my fine suit, being really afraid to wear it, it being so fine with the gold lace, though not gay.

10th.— . . . To Whitehall, to a committee of Tangier, where I see all things going to rack in the business of the corporation, and consequently in the place, by Middleton's going. Thence walked a little with Creed, who tells me he hears how fine my horses and coach are, and advises me to avoid being noted for it, which I was vexed to hear taken notice of, being what I feared: and Povy told me of my gold-laced sleeves in the park yesterday, which vexed me also, so as to resolve never to appear in court with them, but presently to have them taken off, as it is fit I should, and so called at my tailor's for that purpose.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Careless construction of sentences, frequent omission of subject or predicate.
 2. Chatty, conversational language, using only familiar words.
 3. Quaint minuteness of personal details.
 4. Shrewd and humorous observation of persons and things.
 5. Graphic portraiture of the social manners and customs of the times.
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JOHN EVELYN.

(1620-1706.)

EVELYN'S DIARY.

Ascension Week in Venice, 1645.

It was now Ascension week, and the great mart or fair of the whole year was kept, everybody at liberty and jolly. The noblemen stalking with their ladies on *choppines*; these are high-heeled shoes, particularly affected by these proud dames, or, as some say, invented to keep them at home, it being very difficult to walk with them; whence one being asked how he liked the Venetian dames, replied, they were *mezzo carne, mezzo ligno*—half flesh, half wood, and he would have none of them. The truth is, their garb is very odd, as seeming always in masquerade; their other habits also totally different from all nations. They wear very long crisped hair, of several streaks and colours, which they make so by a wash, dishevelling it on the brims of a broad hat that has no crown, but a hole to put out their heads by; they dry them in the sun, as one may see them at their windows. In their tire they set silk flowers and sparkling stones, their petticoats coming from their very arm-pits, so that they are near three-quarters and a half apron; their sleeves are made exceedingly wide, under which their shift-sleeves, as wide, and commonly tucked up to the shoulder, showing their naked arms, through false sleeves of tiffany, girt with a bracelet or two, with knots of point richly tagged about their shoulders and other places of their body, which they usually cover with a kind of yellow veil of lawn very transparent. Thus attired they set their hands on the heads of two matron-like servants or old women, to support them, who were mumbling their

beads. 'T is ridiculous to see how these ladies crawl in and out of their gondolas by reason of their *choppines*, and what dwarfs they appear when taken down from heir wooden scaffolds; of these I saw near thirty together, stalking half as high again as the rest of the world; for the citizens may not wear *choppines*, but cover their bodies and faces with a veil of a certain glittering taffeta or lustre, out of which they now and then dart a glance of their eye, the whole face being otherwise entirely hid with it; nor may the common misses take this habit, but go abroad barefaced. To the corners of these virgin-veils hang broad but flat tassels of curious point de Venize. The married women go in black veils. The nobility wear the same colour, but of fine cloth lined with taffeta in summer, with fur of the bellies of squirrels in the winter, which all put on at a certain day girt with a girdle embossed with silver; the vest not much different from what our Bachelors of Arts wear in Oxford, and a hood of cloth made like a sack, cast over their left shoulders, and a round cloth black cap fringed with wool, which is not so comely; they also wear their collar open to show the diamond button of the stock of their shirt. I have never seen pearl for colour and bigness comparable to what the ladies wear, most of the noble families being very rich in jewels, especially pearls, which are always left to the son or brother who is destined to marry, which the eldest seldom do. The Doge's vest is of crimson velvet, the Procurator's, etc., of damask, very stately. Nor was I less surprised with the strange variety of the several nations seen every day in the streets and piazzas; Jews, Turks, Armenians, Persians, Moors, Greeks, Sclavonians, some with their targets and bucklers, and all in their native fashions, negotiating in this famous emporium, which is always crowded with strangers.

This night, having with my Lord Bruce taken our

places before, we went to the opera, where comedies and other plays are represented in recitative music by the most excellent musicians, vocal and instrumental, with variety of scenes painted and contrived with no less art of perspective, and machines for flying in the air, and other wonderful motions; taken together it is one of the most magnificent and expensive diversions the wit of man can invent. The history was, Hercules in Lydia; the scenes changed thirteen times. The famous voices, Anna Rencia, a Roman, and reputed the best treble of women; but there was a eunuch who in my opinion surpassed her; also a Genoese that sung an incomparable bass. This held us by the eyes and ears till two in the morning, when we went to the Chetto de San Felice, to see the noblemen and their ladies at basset, a game at cards which is much used, but they play not in public, and all that have inclination to it are in masquerade, without speaking one word, and so they come in, play, lose or gain, and go away as they please. This time of licence is only in Carnival and this Ascension week; neither are their theatres open for that other magnificence or for ordinary comedians save on these solemnities, they being a frugal and wise people and exact observers of all sumptuary¹ laws.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Careless ease in structure of sentences, finite verb being sometimes omitted; no attempt at rhetorical effect.
2. Ready flow of language, and command of extensive vocabulary.
3. Minute observation and graphic description.
4. Great interest in foreign places, manners, and customs.
5. Criticisms sensible, often slightly humorous, seldom disparaging.

¹ Laws regulating the expenditure of different classes.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

(1667-1745.)

THE JOURNAL TO STELLA.

These letters to Stella, or Mrs. Johnson, were all written in a series, from the time of Swift's landing at Chester in September, 1710, until his return to Ireland in June, 1713, upon being made Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. The letters were all very carefully preserved by Stella, and at her death, if not before, taken back by Swift; for what end we know not, unless it were to compare the current news of the times with that history of the queen which he wrote at Windsor in the year 1713. They were sometimes addressed to Mrs. Johnson, and sometimes to Mrs. Dingley, who was a relation of the Temple family, and friend to Mrs. Johnson. Both these ladies went over to Ireland upon Swift's invitation in the year 1701, and lodged constantly together.

[The French Marquis de Guiscard, suspected of having intended to murder the queen, had stabbed Mr. Harley, since lying dangerously ill. Guiscard had been mortally wounded in revenge by Mr. St. John, the secretary, and his friends.]

Letter XVIII.

London, *March 15th*, 1710-11.

I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to Guiscard and Mr. Harley; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiscard is dead, but they say it is impossible he should recover. I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no farther than Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where I dined; and Lady Betty Butler coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr. Ford came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven: so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I should lose walking this delicious day.

Have you seen the *Spectator* yet, a paper that comes out every day? It is written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his *Tatlers*, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, ten days ago, before my Lord Keeper and Lord Rivers, I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of Addison and Steele; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done.—So, now I have got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me. When Presto begins to prate, Give him a rap upon the pate.—O Lord, how I blot; it is time to leave off, etc.

17th. Guiscard died this morning at two, and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet counsellors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from Raymond, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office. Mr. Harley has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I have something to say, but cannot call it to mind (what was it?).

18th. I was to-day at court to look for the Duke of Argyle, and give him the memorial about Bernage. The duke goes with the first fair wind: I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. Bernage has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice; however he is made captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit his company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John,

and stayed till seven, but would not drink his champagne and burgundy, for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next Saturday.

19th. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach; tossed up my leg on the seat; and as I came home I went to see poor *Charles Bernard's*¹ books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But it is too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a coffee-house with Stratford upon chops, and some of his wine. Where did MD dine? Why, poor MD dined at home to-day, because of the archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. Walls mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The Duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my memorial, I know not, till I see Dr. Arbuthnot, to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance of the duke's and me; Stella cannot pronounce it.—O that we were at Laracor this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream is out; I was dreaming last night that I eat ripe cherries.—And now they begin to catch the pike, and will shortly the trouts (pox on these ministers), and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pike are gone; but I hope not. Why do you not ask Parvisol these things, sirrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear. But, harkee, ought not Parvisol to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts, it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr. Wells. I

¹ Sergeant-surgeon to Queen Anne.

will write an order on the other side; and do as you will. Here is a world of business; but I must go sleep, I am drowsy; and so good-night, etc.

20th. . . . The Speaker's eldest son is just dead of the small-pox, and the house is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr. Harley so much. Biddy Floyd is like to do well; and so go to your dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money, do so, you saucy sluts. Stella, you lost three shillings and fourpence the other night at Stoyte's, yes, you did, and Presto stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in Ireland, and that I have left my clothes and things behind me, and have not taken leave of anybody, and that the ministry expect me tomorrow, and such nonsense.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Simple, conversational language.
2. Vocabulary mainly English, few foreign words.
3. Power of imagination, in conjuring up minute details.
4. Ready wit and versatility of thought, such as is usually attributed to the Irish.

PHILIP STANHOPE, EARL OF
CHESTERFIELD.

(1694-1773.)

TO HIS SON. LETTER CCXCIX.

Blackheath, *May the 30th*, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have no letter from you to answer, so this goes to you unprovoked. But *a propos* of letters; you have had great honour done you, in a letter from a fair and

royal hand, no less than that of her Royal Highness the Princess of Cassell; she has written your panegyric to her sister, Princess Amelia, who sent me a compliment upon it. This has likewise done you no harm with the king, who said gracious things upon that occasion. I suppose you had, for her royal highness, those attentions, which I wish to God you would have, in due proportions, for everybody. You see, by this instance, the effects of them; they are always repaid with interest. I am more confirmed by this in thinking, that, if you can conveniently, you should ask leave to go for a week to Cassell, to return your thanks for all favours received.

I cannot expound to myself the conduct of the Russians. There must be a trick in their not marching with more expedition. They have either had a sop from the King of Prussia, or they want an animating dram from France and Austria. The King of Prussia's conduct always explains itself by the events; and, within a very few days, we must certainly hear of some very great stroke from that quarter. I think I never, in my life, remember a period of time so big with great events as the present. Within two months, the fate of the house of Austria will probably be decided: within the same space of time, we shall certainly hear of the taking of Cape Breton, and of our army's proceeding to Quebec: within a few days, we shall know the good or ill success of our great expedition; for it is failed: and it cannot be long before we shall hear something of the Prince of Brunswick's operations, from whom I also expect good things. If all these things turn out, as there is good reason to believe they will, we may once, in our turn, dictate a reasonable peace to France, who now pays seventy *per cent* insurance upon its trade, and seven *per cent* for all the money raised for the service of the year.

Comte Bothmar has got the small-pox, and of a bad

kind. Kniphausen diverts himself much here; he sees all places and all people, and is ubiquity itself. Mitchel, who was much threatened, stays at last at Berlin, at the earnest request of the King of Prussia. Lady — is safely delivered of a son, to the great joy of that noble family.

I was going to ask you how you passed your time now at Hamburg, since it is no longer the seat of strangers and of business; but I will not, because I know it is to no purpose. You have sworn not to tell me.

Sir William Stanhope told me, that you promised to send him some old Hock from Hamburg, and so you did—not. If you meet with any superlatively good, and not else, pray send over a *foudre* of it, and write to him. I shall have a share in it. But unless you find some, either at Hamburg or Bremen, uncommonly and almost miraculously good, do not send any. *Dixi.* Yours.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Simple, clear construction of sentences.
2. Language conversational, but polished.
3. Record of political and social items of interest.
4. Shrewd penetration, and worldly wisdom.
5. Occasional touches of satire.

WILLIAM COWPER.

(1731-1800.)

Cowper has been called by Southey the best of English letter-writers. His letters were not originally written for publication, but simply for the most part in answer to letters received, and many describe small details of the quiet, everyday life in the country at Olney, in Buckinghamshire. The following specimen is written to Lady Hesketh.

Olney, *Feb. 9th*, 1786.

MY DEAREST COUSIN,

I have been impatient to tell you that I am impatient to see you again. Mrs. Unwin partakes with me in all my feelings upon this subject, and longs also to see you. I should have told you so by the last post, but have been so completely occupied by this tormenting specimen, that it was impossible to do it. I sent the general a letter on Monday, that would distress and alarm him; I sent him another yesterday, that will, I hope, quiet him again. Johnson has apologized very civilly for the multitude of his friend's strictures; and his friend has promised to confine himself in future to a comparison of me with the original, so that, I doubt not, we shall jog on merrily together. And now, my dear, let me tell you once more, that your kindness in promising us a visit has charmed us both. I shall see you again. I shall hear your voice. We shall take walks together. I will show you my prospects, the hovel, the alcove, the Ouse and its banks, everything that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and feel a part of it at this moment. Talk not of an inn! Mention it not for your life! We have never had so many visitors, but we could easily accommodate them all; though we have received Unwin, and his wife, and his sister, and his son all at once. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May, or beginning of June, because before that time my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats; and there you shall sit with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckle, roses and jasmine; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day. Sooner than the time I mention the country will not be in complete beauty.

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And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. *Imprimis*, as soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my hares, and in which lodges Puss at present; but he, poor fellow, is worn-out with age, and promises to die before you can see him. On the right hand stands a cupboard, the work of the same author; it was once a dove-cage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table, which I also made; but a merciless servant having scrubbed it until it became paralytic, it serves no purpose now but of ornament; and all my clean shoes stand under it. On the left hand, at the further end of this superb vestibule, you will find the door of the parlour, into which I will conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs. Unwin, unless we should meet her before, and where we will be as happy as the day is long. Order yourself, my cousin, to the Swan at Newport, and there you shall find me ready to conduct you to Olney.

My dear, I have told Homer what you say about casks and urns, and have asked him whether he is sure that it is a cask in which Jupiter keeps his wine. He swears that it is a cask, and that it will never be anything better than a cask to eternity. So if the god is content with it, we must even wonder at his taste, and be so too.

Adieu! my dearest, dearest cousin.

W. C.

Points to Note in Style.

1. An instance of Cowper's writing when his spirits were at their highest.
2. Simple construction of sentences.
3. Easy flow of conversational language.
4. Vivid imagination, conjuring up minute details.
5. Graceful play of wit and fancy, often owing to quaint application of terms: *e.g.* "paralytic".
6. Wide, sympathetic interests.

SECTION VIII.—ROMANCES AND NOVELS.

SIR THOMAS MALORY.

(*Circ.* 1400-1470.)

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR.

The Death of Elayne.

Now speak we of the fair maiden of Astolat that made such sorrow day and night that she never slept, ate, nor drank, and ever she made her complaint unto Sir Launcelot. So when she had thus endured a ten days, that she febled¹ so that she must needs pass out of this world, then she shrived her clean, and received her Creator. And ever she complained still upon Sire Launcelot. Then her ghostly father bade her leave such thoughts. Then she said, "Why should I leave such thoughts? am I not an earthly woman? And all the while the breath is in my body I may complain me, for my belief is I do none offence though I love an earthly man, and I take God to my record I loved none but Sir Launcelot du Lake, nor never shall, and sythen² it is the sufferance of God that I shall die for the love of so noble a knight, I beseech the High Father of Heaven to have mercy upon my soul, and upon mine innumerable pains that I suffered may be allygeaunce³ of part of my sins. For, sweet Lord Jhesu," said the fair maiden,

¹ grew feeble.

² since.

³ remission, absolution.

"I take Thee to record, on Thee I was never great offender against thy laws, but that I loved this noble knight Sire Launcelot out of measure, and of myself, good Lord, I might not withstand the fervent love wherefore I have my death." And then she called her father Sire Bernard and her brother Sir Tyrre, and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter like as she did indite it; and so her father granted her. And when the letter was written word by word like as she devised, then she prayed her father that she might be watched until she were dead. "And while my body is hot, let this letter be put in my right hand, and my hand bound fast with the letter until that I be cold, and let me be put in a fair bed with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed and all my richest clothes be laid with me in a chariot unto the next place where Temse¹ is, and there let me be put within a barget², and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither, and that my barget be covered with black samyte³ over and over. Thus, father, I beseech you let it be done." So her father granted it her faithfully, all thing should be done like as she had devised. Then her father and her brother made great dole, for when this was done, anon she died. And so when she was dead, the corpse, and the bed, all was led the next way unto Temse, and there a man, and the corpse, and all, were put in to Temse, and so the man steered the barget unto Westminster, and there he rowed a great while to and fro or⁴ any espied it.

So by fortune King Arthur and the Queen Guenever were speaking together at a window; and so as they looked into Temse, they espied this black barget, and had marvel what it meant. Then the king called Sire Kay and showed it him. "Sir," said Sir Kay, "wot⁵ you well there is some new tidings." "Go thither,"

¹ Thames.² barge.³ a rich silk stuff.⁴ ere.⁵ know.

said the king to Sir Kay, "and take with you Sire Brandyles and Agravayne, and bring me ready word what is there." Then these four knights departed, and came to the barget, and went in; and there they found the fairest corpse lying in a rich bed, and a poor man sitting in the barget's end, and no word would he speak. So these four knights returned unto the king again, and told him what they found. "That fair corpse will I see," said the king. And so then the king took the queen by the hand and went thither. Then the king made the barget to be holden fast, and then the king and the queen entered with certain knights with them, and there he saw the fairest woman lie in a rich bed covered unto her middle with many rich clothes, and all was of cloth of gold, and she lay as though she had smiled. Then the queen espied a letter in her right hand, and told it to the king. Then the king took it and said, "Now am I sure this letter will tell what she was, and why she is come hither". So then the king and the queen went out of the barget, and so commanded a certain wait¹ upon the barget.

And so when the king was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him, and said that he would wot² openly what was written within that letter. Then the king brake it, and made a clerk to read it, and this was the intent of the letter: "Most noble knight, Sir Launcelot, now hath death made us two at debate for your love. I was your lover that men called the fair maiden of Astolat; therefore unto all ladies I make my moan. Yet pray for my soul, and bury me at least, and offer ye my mass penny; this is my last request. Pray for my soul, Sir Launcelot, as thou art peerless." This was all the substance in the letter. And when it was read, the king, the queen, and all the knights wept for pity of the doleful complaints.

¹ attendance.² know.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Small percentage of French words. In this chapter only about 10 per cent.
2. Vigorous, idiomatic translation.
3. Abridgment of originals about ten times as long as the condensed version.
4. Paragraphs formless, not constructed on any principle.
5. Careless constructions of sentences, in arrangement, emphasis, concords.
6. Musical phrases, poetic beauty, but no striving for effect.
7. The expression closely fitted to the thought.
8. Exquisite tact in pathos—choice of simple words.
9. Charm of mediæval naïveté.

JOHN LYLY.

(Circ. 1553-1601.)

EUPHUES: THE ANATOMY OF WIT. (1579.)

This forms the first part of Lyly's book of *Euphues*, the story being continued in *Euphues and his England*. The *Anatomy of Wit* describes the various adventures of Euphues in Naples and Athens; the friendships and acquaintances he forms, especially his friendship with Philautus, a young gentleman of Naples; the love affairs of himself and his friends; and the letters written by himself and others on various subjects. The chief letters of Euphues are—one to Philautus, entitled, "A cooling card for all fond lovers"; one to Atheos, on religion; and one to parents, on the education of "Ephœbus", a normal child. An interesting passage describes how Euphues first formed his friendship with Philautus.

Euphues' Friendship with Philautus.

Euphues having sojourned by the space of two months in *Naples*, whether he were moved by the courtesy of a young gentleman named *Philautus*, or enforced by destiny: whether his pregnant wit, or his pleasant con-

ceits, wrought the greater liking in the mind of *Euphues*, I know not for certainty: But *Euphues* showed such entire love towards him, that he seemed to make small account of any others, determining to enter into such an inviolable league of friendship with him, as neither time by piecemeal should impair, neither fancy utterly dissolve, nor any suspicion infringe. I have read (saith he) and well I believe it, that a friend is in prosperity a pleasure, a solace in adversity, in grief a comfort, in joy a merry companion, at all times another I, in all places the express image of mine own person: insomuch that I cannot tell whether the immortal gods have bestowed any gift upon mortal men, either more noble or more necessary than friendship. Is there anything in the world to be reputed (I will not say compared) to friendship? Can any treasure in this transitory pilgrimage be of more value than a friend? in whose bosom thou mayest sleep secure without fear, whom thou mayest make partner of all thy secrets without suspicion of fraud, and partaker of all thy misfortune without mistrust of fleeting, who will account thy bale his bane, thy mishap his misery, the pricking of thy finger the piercing of his heart. But whether am I carried? Have I not also learned that one should eat a bushel of salt with him whom he meaneth to make his friend? that trial maketh trust? that there is falsehood in fellowship? and what then? Doth not the sympathy of manners make the conjunction of minds? Is it not a by-word like will to like? Not so common as commendable it is, to see young gentlemen choose them such friends, with whom they may seem being absent to be present, being asunder to be conversant, being dead to be alive. I will therefore have *Philautus* for my peer, and by so much the more I make myself sure to have *Philautus*, by how much the more I view in him the lively image of *Euphues*.

Although there be none so ignorant that doth not know, neither any so impudent that will not confess, friendship to be the jewel of human joy: yet whosoever shall see this amity grounded upon a little affection, will soon conjecture that it shall be dissolved upon a light occasion: as in the sequel of *Euphues* and *Philautus* you shall soon see, whose hot love waxed soon cold: For as the best wine doth make the sharpest vinegar, so the deepest love turneth to the deadliest hate. Who deserved the most blame, in mine opinion, it is doubtful and so difficult, that I dare not presume to give verdict. For love being the cause for which so many mischiefs have been attempted, I am not yet persuaded, whether of them was most to be blamed, but certainly neither of them was blameless.

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Either *Euphues* and *Philautus* stood in need of friendship, or were ordained to be friends: upon so short warning, to make so soon a conclusion might seem in mine opinion if it continued miraculous, if shaken off, ridiculous.

But after many embracings and protestations one to another, they walked to dinner, where they wanted neither meat, neither music, neither any other pastime: and having banqueted, to digest their sweet confections, they danced all that afternoon, they used not only one board but one bed, one book (if so be they thought not one too many). Their friendship augmented every day, insomuch that the one could not refrain the company of the other one minute, all things went in common between them, which all men accounted commendable.

Philautus being a town-born child, both for his own countenance, and the great countenance which his father had while he lived, crept into credit with *Don Ferardo* one of the chief governors of the city, who although he had a courtly crew of gentlewomen so-

journing in his palace, yet his daughter, heir to his whole revenues stained the beauty of them all, whose modest bashfulness caused the other to look wan for envy, whose lily cheeks dyed with a vermilion red, made the rest to blush for shame. For as the finest ruby staineth the colour of the rest that be in place, or as the sun dimmeth the moon, that she cannot be discerned, so this gallant girl more fair than fortunate, and yet more fortunate than faithful, eclipsed the beauty of them all, and changed their colours. Unto her had *Philautus* access, who won her by right of love, and should have won her by right of law, had not *Euphues* by strange destiny broken the bonds of marriage, and forbidden the banns of matrimony.

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A Love Potion.

If you take pepper, the seed of a nettle, and a pretty quantity of *Pyretum*, beaten or pounded altogether, and put into wine of two years old, whensoever you drink to *Camilla*, if she love you not, you lose your labour. The cost is small, but if your belief be constant you win the goal, for this receipt standeth in a strong conceit.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Form of the book, that of an Italian story.
2. Skilful elaboration of that humour for conceits and antitheses which had been coming in from Italy.
3. Influence of the Platonists and believers in occult philosophy shown in the similes and metaphors introduced.
4. Use of alliteration.
5. Influence of the Bible in many phrases and turns of expression.
6. Rhythmical balance of clauses and sentences.
7. Allusions to the Classics.
8. Quaint humour and covert satire.
9. Philosophical reflections on love, friendship, education, religion.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

(1554-1586.)

ARCADIA. (1580.)

Sidney wrote this story to amuse his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. The story tells of two cousins and friends, Musidorus, Prince of Thessaly, and Pyrocles, Prince of Macedon. When young men on their travels together, they were parted by shipwreck, but were afterwards reunited, and resolved to woo the daughters of the King of Arcadia. The princesses had been carried by their parents into a forest, and there shut up in two lodges; but Pyrocles disguised himself as an Amazon, and Musidorus as a shepherd, and by this stratagem they were finally successful in winning the princesses in marriage. The following episode suggested to Shakespeare the story of Gloster and his sons, introduced in *King Lear*.

*Meeting with the Prince of Paphlagonia and
his son Leonatus.*

It was in the kingdom of *Galatia*, the season being (as in the depth of winter) very cold, and then as suddenly grown to so extreme and foul a storm, that never any winter (I think) brought forth a fouler child: so that the princes were even compelled by the hail, that the pride of the wind blew into their faces, to seek some shrouding¹ place, which a certain hollow rock offering unto them, they made it their shield against the tempest's fury. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speech of a couple, who not perceiving them, being hid within that rude canopy, held a strange and pitiful disputation, which made them step out, yet in such sort as they might see unseen. There they perceived an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the old man blind, the young man leading him: and yet through all these

¹ sheltering.

miseries, in both there seemed to appear a kind of nobleness, not suitable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Well, *Leonatus* (said he) since I cannot persuade thee to lead me to that which should end my grief and my trouble, let me now intreat thee to leave me: fear not, my misery cannot be greater than it is, and nothing doth become me but misery: fear not the danger of my blind steps, I cannot fall worse, than I am: and do not I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchedness: but fly, fly from this region only worthy of me. Dear father (answered he) do not take away from me the only remnant of my happiness: while I have power to do you service, I am not wholly miserable. Ah my son (said he, and with that he groaned, as if sorrow strove to break his heart) how evil fits it me to have such a son, and how much doth thy kindness upbraid my wickedness? These doleful speeches, and some others to like purpose (well-showing they had not been born to the fortune they were in) moved the princes to go out unto them, and ask the younger what they were? Sirs (answered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kind of piteousness) I see well you are strangers, that know not our misery, so well here known, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. Indeed our state is such, as though nothing is so needful unto us as pity, yet nothing is more dangerous unto us, than to make ourselves so known as may stir pity: but your presence promiseth that cruelty shall not overrun hate: and if it did, in truth our state is sunk below the degree of fear.

This old man (whom I lead) was lately rightful prince of this country of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted ungratefulness of a son of his, deprived not only of his kingdom (whereof no foreign forces were ever able to spoil him) but of his sight, the riches which Nature

grants to the poorest creatures: whereby, and by other his unnatural dealings, he hath been driven to such grief, as even now he would have had me to have led him to the top of this rock, thence to cast himself headlong to death: and so would have made me, who received my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But noble gentlemen, said he, if either of you have a father and feel what dutiful affection is ingrafted in a son's heart, let me intreat you to convey this afflicted prince to some place of rest and security: amongst your worthy acts it shall be none of the least, that a king of such might and fame, and so unjustly oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.

[While the conversation is continuing, the old prince and his son are attacked by the wicked son *Plexirtus*, and forty horsemen. The two princes seek to defend him, and are reinforced by the King of *Pontus* with one hundred horsemen. But the enemy are joined by two brothers with forty or fifty in their suite; yet *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* overcome them, and drive *Plexirtus* to take refuge in his last stronghold.]

In which season the blind king (having in the chief city of his realm set the crown upon his son *Leonatus's* head) with many tears (both of joy and sorrow) setting forth to the whole people, his own fault and his son's virtue, after he had kissed him, and forced his son to accept honour of him (as of his new-become subject) even in a moment died, as it should seem, his heart broken with unkindness and affliction, stretched so far beyond his limits with his access of comfort, as it was able no longer to keep safe his vital spirits. But the new king (having no less lovingly performed all duties to him dead, than alive) pursued on the siege of his unnatural brother, as much for the revenge of his father, as the establishing of his own quiet. In which siege truly I cannot but acknowledge the prowess of those

two brothers, than whom the princes never found in all their travel, two of greater abilities to perform, nor of abler skill for conduct.

[*Plexirtus* finally surrenders with humility to his brother, and is pardoned.]

Points to Note in Style.

1. Long-winded sentences, somewhat confused in construction.
2. Frequent use of the parenthesis.
3. Employment of the participial phrase.
4. Use of antithesis, and also of alliteration.
5. Imitation of the mediæval romances of chivalry.

DANIEL DEFOE.

(1662-1731.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

How Crusoe Longed to go to Sea Once More.

I have often heard persons of good judgment say, that all the stir people make in the world about ghosts and apparitions, is owing to the strength of imagination, and the powerful operation of fancy in their minds; that there is no such thing as a spirit appearing, or a ghost walking, *and the like*: That people's poring affectionately upon the past conversation of their deceased friends, so realizes it to them, that they are capable of fancying, upon some extraordinary circumstances, that they see them, talk to them, and are answered by them; when in truth, there is nothing but shadow and vapour in the thing, and they really know nothing of the matter.

For my part, I know not to this hour, whether there are any such things as real apparitions, spectres, or

walking of people after they are dead; or whether there is anything in the stories they tell us of that kind, more than the product of vapours, sick minds, and wandering fancies; But this I know, that my imagination worked up to such a height, and brought me into such ecstasies of vapours, or what else I may call it, that I actually supposed myself oftentimes upon the spot, at my old castle behind the trees; saw my old *Spaniard*, *Friday's* father, and the reprobate sailors I left upon the island; nay, I fancied I talked with them, and looked at them so steadily, though I was broad awake, as at persons just before me; and this I did till I often frightened myself with the images my fancy represented to me: One time in my sleep I had the villainy of the three pirate sailors so lively related to me by the first *Spaniard* and *Friday's* father, that it was surprising; they told me how they barbarously attempted to murder all the *Spaniards*, and that they set fire to the provisions they had laid up, on purpose to distress and starve them; things that I had never heard of and that indeed were never all of them true in fact: But it was so warm in my imagination, and so realized to me, that to the hour I saw them, I could not be persuaded, but that it was or would be true; also how I resented it, when the *Spaniard* complained to me, and how I brought them to justice, tried them before me, and ordered them all three to be hanged. What there was really in this, shall be seen in its place: For however I came to form such things in my dream, and what secret converse of spirits injected it, yet there was very much of it true. I say, I own, that this dream had nothing in it literally and specifically true: But the general part was so true, the base villainous behaviour of these three hardened rogues was such, and had been so much worse than all I can describe, that the dream had too much similitude of the fact; and as I would afterwards have punished them

severely, so if I had hanged them all, I had been much in the right, and should have been justifiable both by the laws of God and man.

But to return to my story. In this kind of temper I had lived some years, I had no enjoyment of my life, no pleasant hours, no agreeable diversion, but what had something or other of this in it; so that my wife, who saw my mind so wholly bent upon it, told me very seriously one night, that she believed there was some secret powerful impulse of Providence upon me, which had determined me to go thither again; and that she found nothing hindered my going, but my being engaged to a wife and children. She told me that it was true she could not think of parting with me; but as she was assured, that if she was dead, it would be the first thing I would do: So as it seemed to her, that the thing was determined above, she would not be the only obstruction: For if I thought fit, and resolved to go—here she found me very intent upon her words, and that I looked very earnestly at her; so that it a little disordered her, and she stopped. I asked her, why she did not go on, and say out what she was going to say? But I perceived her heart was too full, and some tears stood in her eyes: Speak out, my dear, said I, are you willing I should go? No, *says she very affectionately*, I am far from willing: But if you are resolved to go, says she, and rather than I will be the only hindrance, I will go with you; for though I think it a most preposterous thing for one of your years, and in your condition, yet if it must be, said she again weeping, I won't leave you; for if it be of heaven, you must do it. There is no resisting it; and if heaven makes it your duty to go, he will also make it mine to go with you, or otherwise dispose of me, that I may not obstruct it.

This affectionate behaviour of my wife's brought me a little out of the vapours, and I began to consider what

I was a-doing; I corrected my wandering fancy, and began to argue with myself sedately, what business I had after threescore years, and after such a life of tedious sufferings and disasters, and closed in so happy and easy a manner, I say, what business I had to rush into new hazards, and put myself upon adventures, fit only for youth and poverty to run into?

With those thoughts, I considered, that I had all the world could give me, and had no need to seek hazards for gain; that I was declining in years, and ought to think rather of leaving what I had gained, than of seeking to increase it; that as to what my wife had said, of its being an impulse from heaven, and that it should be my duty to go, I had no notion of that; so after many of these cogitations, I struggled with the power of my imagination, reasoned myself out of it, *as I believe people may always do in like cases, if they will*; and, in a word, I conquered it; composed myself with such arguments as occurred to my thought, and which my present condition furnished me plentifully with, and particularly, as the most effectual method, I resolved to divert myself with other things, and to engage in some business that might effectually tie me up from any more excursions of this kind; for I found that thing return upon me chiefly when I was idle, had nothing to do, nor anything of moment immediately before me.

To this purpose I bought a little farm in the county of *Bedford*, and resolved to remove myself thither. I had a little convenient house upon it, and the land about it I found was capable of great improvement, and that it was many ways suited to my inclination, which delighted in cultivating, managing, planting, and improving of land; and particularly, being an inland country, I was removed from conversing among ships, sailors, and things relating to the remote part of the world.

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But in the middle of all this felicity, one blow from unforeseen Providence unhinged me at once; and not only made a breach upon me inevitable and incurable, but drove me by its consequences, into a deep relapse into the wandering disposition, which, as I may say, being born in my very blood, soon recovered its hold upon me, and like the returns of a violent distemper, came on with an irresistible force upon me; so that nothing could make any more impression upon me. This blow was the loss of my wife.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Long sentences, divided by the colon and semicolon.
2. Large proportion of common English words in the vocabulary, with racy and vigorous expressions.
3. Introduction of dramatic dialogue.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

(1667-1745.)

FROM "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS". (1726.)

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered that I understood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us: and such a boat as I could manage would never live in

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any of their rivers. Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which, being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor, along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident, which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up, to place me in the boat; but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet, upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that

stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but, then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backward and forward, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated

to the farther corner of my room or box; but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it, whereupon he suddenly leapt up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court sitting upon the ridge of a building holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself.

Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves: but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and, putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a-vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health; and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Graphic straightforward narrative.
 2. Exactness of detail, as in measurements, &c., giving a semblance of reality to the whole story,
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SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

(1689-1761.)

PAMELA: OR, VIRTUE REWARDED. (1740.)

The story of *Pamela* is told in the form of letters exchanged with her parents and friends, interspersed with extracts from her journal. She is a young girl whose mistress dies at the beginning of the tale, and after many trials, temptations, and adventures, she becomes her master's second wife. The rest of the book is taken up with her history after marriage, her advice on the love affairs of her friends, and remarks on the various events in her social circle, an account of the birth and early years of her son, including her criticism of Locke's *Thoughts on Education*. The following extract from her journal describes her arrival with her husband, shortly after their marriage, at her home in Bedfordshire.

Pamela's Welcome Home, after her Marriage.

When the servants had dined, I desired to see the maidens; and all four came up together. You are welcome home, madam, said Rachel; we rejoice all to see you here, and more to see you our lady. Oh my good old acquaintances, said I, I joy to see you! How do you do, Rachel? How do you all do? And I took each of them by the hand, and could have kissed them. For, said I to myself, I kissed you all, last time I saw you, in sorrow; why should I not kiss you all with joy? But I forbore, in honour of their master's presence.

They seemed quite transported with me: and my good master was pleased with the scene. See here, my lasses, said he, your mistress! I need not bid you respect her; for you always loved her; and she'll have it as much in her power as inclination to be kind to the deserving. Indeed, said I, I shall always be a kind friend to you; and your dear master has ordered me to give each of you this, that you may rejoice with me on

my happiness. And so I gave them five guineas apiece, and said, God bless you every one! I am overjoyed to see you! And they withdrew with the greatest gratitude and pleasure, praying for us both.

I turned to my dear master: 'Tis to you, dear sir, said I, next to God, who put it into your generous heart, that all my happiness is owing! That my mind thus overflows with joy and gratitude! And I would have kissed his hand; but he clasped me in his arms, and said, You deserve it, my dear: you deserve it all. Mrs. Jervis came in. Said she, I have seen a very affecting sight; you have made your maidens quite happy, madam, with your kindness and condescension! I saw them all four, as I came by the hall-door, just got up from their knees, praising and praying for you both! Dear good bodies! said I; and did Jane pray too? May their prayers be returned upon themselves, I say!

My master sent for Jonathan, and I held up all the fingers of my two hands; and my master giving a nod of approbation as he came in, I said, Well, Mr. Jonathan, I could not be satisfied without seeing you in form, as it were, and thanking you for all your past goodwill to me. You'll accept of that, for a pair of gloves, on this happy occasion; and I gave him ten guineas, and took his honest hand between both mine: God bless you, said I, with your silver hairs, so like my dear father!—I shall always value such a good old servant of the best of masters!—He said, Oh such goodness! Such kind words! It is balm to my heart! Blessed be God I have lived to this day!—And his eyes swam in tears, and he withdrew. My dear, said my master, you make every one happy!—Oh sir, said I, 't is you, 't is you! And let my grateful heart always spring to my lips, to acknowledge the blessings you heap upon me.

Then in came Harry, and Isaac, and Benjamin, and the two grooms of this house, and Arthur the gardener;

for my dear master had ordered them, by Mrs. Jervis, to be thus marshalled out: and he said, Where's John? Poor John was ashamed, and did not come in till he heard himself called for. I said to them, How do you do, my old friends and fellow-servants? I am glad to see you all. . . .

Arthur, said my master, I have brought you a mistress that is a great gardener. She'll show you a new way to plant beans: And never anybody had such a hand at improving a sunflower as she!—Oh, sir, said I (but yet a little dashed), all my improvements in every kind of thing are owing to you, I am sure!—And so I think I was even with the dear man, and yet appeared grateful before his servants. They withdrew, blessing us both, as the rest had done.

And then came in the postilion, and two helpers (for my master has both here, and at Lincolnshire, fine hunting horses; and it is the chief sport he takes delight in), as also the scullion-boy: And I said, How do all of you? And how dost do, Tommy? I hope you're very good. Here your dear master has ordered you something apiece, in honour of me. And my master holding three fingers to me, I gave the postilion and helpers three guineas each, and the little boy two; and bid him let his poor mother lay it out for him, for he must not spend it idly. Mr. Colbrand, Abraham and Thomas, I had before presented at t' other house. . . .

[My master] was pleased afterwards to lead me upstairs, and gave me possession of my lady's dressing-room and cabinet, and her fine repeating watch and equipage; and in short, of a complete set of diamonds, that were his good mother's; as also of the two pair of diamond earrings, the two diamond rings, and diamond necklace, which her ladyship had intended for presents to Miss Tomlins, a rich heiress, that was proposed for his wife, when he was just come from his travels; but

which went off, after all was agreed upon on both the friends' sides, because he approved not her conversation; and she had, as he told his mother, too masculine an air; and he never could be brought to see her but once, though the lady liked him very well. He presented me also with her ladyship's books, pictures, linen, laces, &c., that were in her apartments; and bid me call those apartments mine. Oh give me, my good God! humility and gratitude.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Sentences clear in construction, occasionally somewhat rambling.
2. Use of the parenthesis.
3. Dramatic dialogue.
4. Minute accuracy of detail.

HENRY FIELDING.

(1707-1754.)

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

(1749.)

This novel describes the life of Tom Jones, from his birth, through various changes of fortune, and experiences gained from mixing with all classes of society, to his courtship of Sophia Western, and their final marriage. Fielding's description of the charming Sophia is well known. The following incident marks the beginning of the courtship.

CHAPTER XIII.

A dreadful Accident which befel Sophia; the gallant Behaviour of Jones, and the more dreadful Consequences of that Behaviour to the Young Lady; with a Short Digression in favour of the Female Sex.

Mr. Western grew every day fonder and fonder of Sophia, insomuch that his beloved dogs themselves

almost gave place to her in his affections; but as he could not prevail on himself to abandon these, he contrived very cunningly to enjoy their company, together with that of his daughter, by insisting on her riding a-hunting with him. Sophia, to whom her father's word was a law, readily complied with his desires, though she had not the least delight in a sport which was of too rough and masculine a nature to suit with her disposition; she had however another motive, beside her obedience, to accompany the old gentleman in the chase; for by her presence she hoped in some measure to restrain his impetuosity, and to prevent him from so frequently exposing his neck to the utmost hazard. The strongest objection was that which would formerly have been an inducement to her, namely, the frequent meeting with young Jones, whom she had determined to avoid; but as the end of the hunting season now approached, she hoped by a short absence with her aunt to reason herself out of her unfortunate passion; and had not any doubt of being able to meet him in the field the subsequent season without the least danger.

On the second day of her hunting, as she was returning from the chase, and was arrived within a little distance from Mr. Western's house, her horse, whose mettlesome spirit required a better rider, fell suddenly to prancing and capering in such a manner, that she was in the most imminent peril of falling. Tom Jones, who was at a little distance behind, saw this, and immediately galloped up to her assistance; as soon as he came up, he leaped from his own horse, and caught hold of hers by the bridle; the unruly beast presently reared himself on end on his hind legs, and threw his lovely burden from his back, and Jones caught her in his arms. She was so affected with the fright, that she was not able immediately to satisfy Jones, who was very solicitous to know whether she had received any hurt; she

soon after however recovered her spirits, assured him she was safe, and thanked him for the care he had taken of her. Jones answered, "If I have preserved you, madam, I am sufficiently repaid; for, I promise you, I would have secured you from the least harm at the expense of a much greater misfortune to myself than I have suffered on this occasion."—"What misfortune?" replied Sophia eagerly; "I hope you have come to no mischief?" "Be not concerned, madam," answered Jones; "Heaven be praised you have escaped so well, considering the danger you were in: If I have broken my arm, I consider it as a trifle, in comparison of what I feared upon your account." Sophia then screamed out, "Broke your arm! Heaven forbid!"—"I am afraid I have, madam," says Jones; "but I beg you will suffer me first to take care of you: I have a right hand yet at your service to help you into the next field, whence we have but a very little walk to your father's house."

Sophia, seeing his left arm dangling by his side, while he was using the other to lead her, no longer doubted of the truth: She now grew much paler than her fears for herself had made her before; all her limbs were seized with a trembling, insomuch that Jones could scarce support her; and as her thoughts were in no less agitation, she could not refrain from giving Jones a look so full of tenderness, that it almost argued a stronger sensation in her mind, than even gratitude and pity united can raise in the gentlest female bosom, without the assistance of a third more powerful passion.

Mr. Western, who was advanced at some distance when this accident happened, was now returned, as were the rest of the horsemen. Sophia immediately acquainted them with what had befallen Jones, and begged them to take care of him: upon which Western, who had been much alarmed by meeting his daughter's horse without its rider, and was now overjoyed to find

her unhurt, cried out, "I am glad it is no worse: if Tom has broken his arm, we will get a joiner to mend un again." The squire alighted from his horse, and proceeded to his house on foot, with his daughter and Jones. An impartial spectator, who had met them on the way, would, on viewing their several countenances, have concluded Sophia alone to have been the object of compassion: for as to Jones, he [was] exulting in having probably saved the life of the young lady at the price only of a broken bone; and Mr. Western, though he was not unconcerned at the accident which had befallen Jones, was however delighted in a much higher degree with the fortunate escape of his daughter.

The generosity of Sophia's temper construed this behaviour of Jones into great bravery, and it made a deep impression on her heart: for certain it is, that there is no one quality which so generally recommends men to women as this; proceeding, if we believe the common opinion, from that natural timidity of the sex, which is, says Mr. Osborne, "so great, that a woman is the most cowardly of all the creatures that God ever made";—a sentiment more remarkable for its bluntness than for its truth. Aristotle, in his *Politics*, does them I believe more justice when he says, "the modesty and fortitude of men differ from those virtues in women; for the fortitude which becomes a woman would be cowardice in a man; and the modesty which becomes a man would be pertness in a woman". Nor is there, perhaps, more of truth in the opinion of those who derive the partiality which women are inclined to show to the brave from the excess of their fear. Mr. Bayle, I think, in his article of Helen, imputes this, and with greater probability, to their violent love of glory; for the truth of which we have the authority of him, who, of all others, saw farthest into human nature, and who introduces the heroine of his *Odyssey* as the great pattern of matri-

monial love and constancy, assigning the glory of her husband as the only source of her affection towards him. However this be, certain it is, that the accident operated very strongly on Sophia; and indeed, after much inquiry into the matter, I am inclined to believe that at this very time the charming Sophia made no less impression on the heart of Jones: to say the truth, he had for some time become sensible of the irresistible power of her charms.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Sentences simple in their construction.
2. Narrative easy and flowing.
3. Dramatic dialogue introduced.
4. Faithful and minute painting of character and incident.
5. Classical allusions.
6. Touches of humour and satire.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

(1709-1784.)

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS, PRINCE OF
ABYSSINIA. (1759.)

This book was written by Johnson in order to obtain the money sufficient for defraying the costs of his mother's burial. It begins with a fine description of the Happy Valley, in which stood the palace where the Abyssinian princes were confined, until the order of succession should call them to the throne. Rasselas wearies of this untroubled happiness, and makes his escape from the Valley, together with his friend, the poet Imlac, his sister, the Princess Nekayah, and her confidante, the Lady Pekuah. Previous to their departure, Imlac tells the prince his history, giving an eloquent dissertation on the character and life-work of the true poet. Having escaped, they all proceed by ship to Suez and by land to Cairo, where they take up their abode. They search for happiness in city life, pastoral life, the life of the wealthy, and the life of the

philosopher. The prince then examines the happiness of high stations, and the princess investigates that of private life. They have an animated discussion on the comparative happiness of marriage and celibacy. Imlac reminds them of the pleasure to be found in studying works of art, and they resolve to visit the Pyramids, and meet with the adventure described below. Pekuah is afterwards ransomed and relates her adventures. Finally, when the four friends cannot agree in their ideals of a happy life, they resolve to return to Abyssinia.

When they came to the great pyramid, they were astonished at the extent of the base, and the height of the top. . . . They measured all its dimensions, and pitched their tents at its foot. Next day they prepared to enter its interior apartments, and having hired the common guides, climbed up to the first passage, when the favourite of the princess, looking into the cavity, stepped back and trembled. "Pekuah," said the princess, "of what art thou afraid?" "Of the narrow entrance," answered the lady, "and of the dreadful gloom. I dare not enter a place which must surely be inhabited by unquiet souls. The original possessors of these dreadful vaults will start up before us, and perhaps shut us in for ever." She spoke, and threw her arms around the neck of her mistress.

"If all your fear be of apparitions," said the prince, "I will promise you safety: there is no danger from the dead; he that is once buried will be seen no more."

"That the dead are seen no more," said Imlac, "I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those, that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make

credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears.

“Yet I do not mean to add new terrors to those which have already seized upon Pekuah. There can be no reason why spectres should haunt the Pyramids more than other places, or why they should have power and will to hurt innocence and purity. Our entrance is no violation of their privileges; we can take nothing from them, how then can we offend them?”

“My dear Pekuah,” said the princess, “I will always go before you, and Imlac shall follow you. Remember that you are the companion of the Princess of Abyssinia.”

“If the princess is pleased that her servant should die,” returned the lady, “let her command some death less dreadful than inclosure in this horrid cavern. You know I dare not disobey you: I must go if you command me; but, if I once enter, I never shall come back.”

The princess saw that her fear was too strong for expostulation or reproof, and embracing her, told her that she should stay in the tent till their return. Pekuah was yet not satisfied, but entreated the princess not to pursue so dreadful a purpose as that of entering the recesses of the pyramid. “Though I cannot teach courage,” said Nekayah, “I must not learn cowardice; nor leave at last undone what I came hither only to do.”

Pekuah descended to the tents, and the rest entered the pyramid: they passed through the galleries, surveyed the vaults of marble, and examined the chest in which the body of the founder is supposed to have been reposed. They then sat down in one of the most spacious chambers to rest a while before they attempted to return.

Chapter XXXI.
They Enter
the Pyramid.

They rose up, and returned through the cavity at

which they had entered, and the princess prepared for her favourite a long narrative of dark
 Chapter XXXII. labyrinths, and costly rooms, and of the
 The Princess Meets with an Unexpected Misfortune. different impressions which the varieties of the way had made upon her. But when they came to their train, they found everyone silent and dejected: the men discovered shame and fear in their countenances, and the women were weeping in the tents.

What had happened they did not try to conjecture, but immediately inquired. "You had scarcely entered into the pyramid," said one of the attendants, "when a troop of Arabs rushed upon us: We were too few to resist them, and too slow to escape. They were about to search the tents, set us on our camels, and drive us along before them, when the approach of some Turkish horsemen put them to flight; but they seized the lady Pekuah with her two maids, and carried them away: the Turks are now pursuing them by our instigation, but I fear they will not be able to overtake them."

The princess was overpowered with surprise and grief. Rasselas, in the first heat of his resentment, ordered his servants to follow him, and prepared to pursue the robbers with his sabre in his hand. "Sir," said Imlac, "what can you hope from violence or valour? the Arabs are mounted on horses trained to battle and retreat; we have only beasts of burden. By leaving our present station we may lose the princess, but cannot hope to regain Pekuah."

There was nothing to be hoped from longer stay.
 Chapter XXXIII. They returned to Cairo repenting of their
 They Return to Cairo without Pekuah. curiosity, censuring the negligence of the government, lamenting their own rashness, which had neglected to procure a guard, imagining many experiments by which the loss of

Pekuah might have been prevented, and resolving to do something for her recovery, though none could find anything proper to be done.

Nekayah retired to her chamber, where her women attempted to comfort her, by telling her that all had their troubles, and that Lady Pekuah had enjoyed much happiness in the world for a long time, and might reasonably expect a change of fortune. They hoped that some good would befall her, wheresoever she was, and that her mistress would find another friend who might supply her place.

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Points to Note in Style.

1. Eloquent passages containing philosophic reflections, *e.g.* on the poet's task, on marriage, on greatness, on happiness, on art, on immortality.

2. Sonorous, carefully-chosen words.

3. Resemblances to Euphuism, *e.g.* *a.* Rhythmic, balanced sentences. *b.* Introduction of contrasts. *c.* Use of similes. *d.* Aphoristic sayings ("Praise to an old man an empty sound"). *e.* Very long sentences, but quite clear as to grammatical construction.

4. Quiet satire, involving close study of human character, especially its weaknesses.

LAWRENCE STERNE.

(1713-1768.)

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY. (1759.)

The hero tells the story of his adventures in his own person, introducing many humorous conversations between his father, his Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, the latter's attendant, and others. All these characters are exceedingly well described, with innumerable quaint and graphic touches, so that they

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have become typical in fiction. The following passage describes how at his christening he received the name of Tristram by accident, together with the comments thereon.

CHAPTER XIV.

How the Baby received the name of Tristram.

Then reach me my breeches off the chair, said my father to Susannah—There is not a moment's time to dress you, sir, cried Susannah—the child is as black in the face as my—As your what? said my father; for, like all orators, he was a dear searcher into comparisons—Bless me, sir, said Susannah, the child's in a fit—And where's Mr. Yorick?—Never where he should be, said Susannah, but his curate's in the dressing-room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name—and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him.

Were one sure, said my father to himself, scratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not—and 't would be a pity in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him—But he may recover.

No, no—said my father to Susannah, I'll get up—There's no time, cried Susannah, the child's as black as my shoe. Trismegistus, said my father—But stay—thou art a leaky vessel, Susannah, added my father; can'st thou carry Trismegistus in thy head the length of the gallery without scattering?—Can I? cried Susannah, shutting the door in a huff—If she can, I'll be shot, said my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Susannah ran with all speed along the gallery.

My father made all possible speed to find his breeches.

Susannah got the start, and kept it—'T is Tris—something, cried Susannah—There is no Christian name in

the world, said the curate, beginning with Tris—but Tristram. Then 't is Tristram-gistus, quoth Susannah.

There is no -gistus to it, noodle!—'t is my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand as he spoke into the basin—Tristram! said he, etc. etc. etc. etc.—So Tristram was I called, and Tristram shall I be to the day of my death.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Your honour, said Trim, shutting the parlour door before he began to speak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident—O yes, Trim! said my uncle Toby, and it gives me great concern—I am heartily concerned too; but I hope your honour, replied Trim, will do me the justice to believe, that it was not in the least owing to me—To thee—Trim!—cried my uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face,—'t was Susannah's and the curate's folly betwixt them—What business could they have together, an' please your honour, in the garden?—In the gallery, thou meanest, replied my uncle Toby.

Trim found he was upon a wrong scent, and stopped short with a low bow—Two misfortunes, quoth the corporal to himself, are twice as many at least as are needful to be talked over at one time,—the mischief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be told his honour hereafter—Trim's casuistry and address, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all suspicion in my uncle Toby; so he went on with what he had to say to Trim as follows:

—For my own part, Trim, though I can see little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called Tristram or Trismegistus—yet as the thing sits so near my brother's heart, Trim—I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it should have happened—A hundred pounds! an' please your honour, replied Trim—I would not give a cherrystone to boot—Nor would I,

Trim, upon my own account, quoth my uncle Toby—but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this case—maintains, that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon Christian names, than what ignorant people imagine:—for, he says, there never was a great or heroic action performed since the world began by one called Tristram—nay he will have it, Trim, that a man can neither be learned, or wise, or brave—'Tis all fancy, an' please your honour—I fought just as well, replied the corporal, when the regiment called me Trim, as when they called me James Butler—And for my own part, said my uncle Toby, though I should blush to boast of myself, Trim,—yet, had my name been Alexander, I could have done no more at Namur than my duty—Bless your honour, cried Trim, advancing three steps as he spoke, does a man think of his Christian name when he goes upon the attack?—Or when he stands in the trench, Trim? cried my uncle Toby, looking firm—Or when he enters a breach, said Trim, pushing in between two chairs—Or forces the lines? cried my uncle, rising up, and pushing his crutch like a pike—Or facing a platoon¹? cried Trim, presenting his stick like a firelock—Or when he marches up the glacis²? cried my uncle Toby, looking warm, and setting his foot upon his stool.—

CHAPTER XIX.

My father was returned from his walk to the fish-pond—and opened the parlour door in the very height of the attack, just as my uncle Toby was marching up the glacis—Trim recovered his arms—never was my uncle Toby caught riding at such a desperate rate in his life! Alas! my uncle Toby!—had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father—how hadst thou then, and thy poor HOBBY-HORSE too, been insulted.

¹ troop of soldiers drawn up in a square. ² sloping bank of a fortification.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Brief sentences, often interrupted or unfinished.
 2. Vocabulary chiefly of short and familiar English words.
 3. Skilful blending of humour and pathos.
 4. Inauguration of a new style in fiction—the novel of character. in which events are few.
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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(1728-1774.)

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. (1766.)

This novel describes the various changes of fortune that befall a good vicar, Dr. Primrose, his wife and family, the latter consisting of George, Olivia, Sophia, Moses, and two younger sons. Besides his domestic circle, the vicar gives some account of his friends and neighbours, and further, of the love affairs of his two daughters, and their results. After suffering many calamities, the family are once more reunited, and happier prospects dawn for them. The character of the vicar was probably drawn from Goldsmith's own father. The author says in his preface:—"The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth; he is a priest, a husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach and ready to obey; as simple in affluence and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement how can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fireside; such as mistake ribaldry for humour will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Family use Art, which is opposed by still greater.

Whatever might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family were easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits

now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters picquet, or sometimes in setting my two little ones to box, to make them sharp, as he called it; but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which everybody saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not risen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his

uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of our family: my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters, happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm of this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say—and I said much—it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having therefore engaged the limner (for what could I do?), our next deliberation was to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was requested not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side; while I, in my gown and bands, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon, sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph¹, richly laced with gold, and a

¹ overcoat.

whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire, to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance, which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house where to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had all been greatly remiss. This picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out; but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited ridicule in some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expense, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These

reports were always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Sentences clear in construction.
2. Minute fidelity of detail in description.
3. Humorous and good-natured perception of human foibles.
4. Quaintness of diction, due to frequent use of long words.

JANE AUSTEN.

(1775-1817.)

PERSUASION.

The girls were now hunting for the *Laconia*; and Captain Wentworth could not deny himself the pleasure of taking the precious volume into his own hands to save them the trouble, and once more read aloud the little statement of her name and rate, and present non-commissioned class, observing over it that she too had been one of the best friends man ever had.

“Ah, these were pleasant days when I had the *Laconia*! How fast I made money in her. A friend of mine and I had such a lovely cruise together off the Western Islands.—Poor Harville, sister! You know how much he wanted money—worse than myself. He had a wife. Excellent fellow! I shall never forget his happiness. He felt it all so much for her sake. I wished for him again the next summer, when I had still the same luck in the Mediterranean.”

“And I am sure, sir,” said Mrs. Musgrove, “it was a lucky day for *us*, when you were put captain into that ship. *We* shall never forget what you did.”

Her feelings made her speak low; and Captain Went-

worth, hearing only in part, and probably not having Dick Musgrove at all near his thoughts, looked rather in suspense, and as if waiting for more.

"My brother," whispered one of the girls; "mamma is thinking of poor Richard."

"Poor dear fellow!" continued Mrs. Musgrove; "he was grown so steady, and such an excellent correspondent, while he was under your care! Ah, it would have been a happy thing if he had never left you. I assure you, Captain Wentworth, we are very sorry he ever left you."

There was a momentary expression in Captain Wentworth's face at this speech, a certain glance of his bright eye, and curl of his handsome mouth, which convinced Anne, that instead of sharing in Mrs. Musgrove's kind wishes as to her son, he had probably been at some pains to get rid of him; but it was too transient an indulgence of self-amusement to be detected by any who understood him less than herself; in another moment he was perfectly collected and serious; and almost instantly afterwards coming up to the sofa, on which she and Mrs. Musgrove were sitting, took a place by the latter, and entered into conversation with her, in a low voice, about her son, doing it with so much sympathy and natural grace, as showed the kindest consideration for all that was real and unabsurd in the parent's feelings.

They were actually on the same sofa, for Mrs. Musgrove had most readily made room for him,—they were divided only by Mrs. Musgrove. It was no insignificant barrier indeed. Mrs. Musgrove was of a comfortable, substantial size, infinitely more fitted by nature to express good cheer and good humour than tenderness and sentiment; and while the agitations of Anne's slender form and pensive face may be considered as very completely screened, Captain Wentworth should be allowed some credit for the self-command with which he attended to

her large, fat sighings over the destiny of a son whom alive nobody had cared for.

Personal size and mental sorrow have certainly no necessary proportions. A large bulky figure has as good a right to be in deep affliction as the most graceful set of limbs in the world. But, fair or not fair, there are unbecoming conjunctions, which reason will patronize in vain,—which taste cannot tolerate,—which ridicule will seize.

The admiral, after taking two or three refreshing turns about the room with his hands behind him, being called to order by his wife, now came up to Captain Wentworth, and without any observation of what he might be interrupting, thinking only of his own thoughts, began with—

“If you had been a week later at Lisbon, last spring, Frederick, you would have been asked to give a passage to Lady Mary Grierson and her daughters.”

“Should I? I am glad I was not a week later then.”

The admiral abused him for his want of gallantry. He defended himself; though professing that he would never willingly admit any ladies on board a ship of his, excepting for a ball or a visit, which a few hours might comprehend.

“But, if I know myself,” said he, “this is from no want of gallantry towards them. It is rather from feeling how impossible it is, with all one’s efforts, and all one’s sacrifices, to make the accommodations on board such as women ought to have. There can be no want of gallantry, admiral, in rating the claims of women to every personal comfort *high*—and this is what I do. I hate to hear of women on board, or to see them on board; and no ship, under my command, shall ever convey a family of ladies anywhere, if I can help it.”

This brought his sister upon him.

“Oh, Frederick! But I cannot believe it of you. An

idle refinement! Women may be as comfortable on board as in the best house in England. I believe I have lived as much on board as most women, and I know nothing superior to the accommodations of a man-of-war. I declare I have not a comfort or an indulgence about me, even at Kellynch Hall," with a kind bow to Anne, "beyond what I always had in most of the ships I have lived in; and they have been five altogether."

"Nothing to the purpose," replied her brother. "You were living with your husband; and were the only woman on board."

"But you yourself brought Mrs. Harville, her sister, her cousin, and the three children round from Portsmouth to Plymouth. Where was this superfine, extraordinary sort of gallantry of yours, then?"

"All merged in my friendship, Sophia. I would assist any brother-officer's wife that I could, and I would bring anything of Harville's from the world's end, if he wanted it. But do not imagine that I did not feel it an evil in itself."

"Depend upon it, they were all perfectly comfortable."

"I might not like them the better for that, perhaps. Such a number of women and children have no *right* to be comfortable on board."

"My dear Frederick, you are talking quite idly. Pray, what would become of us poor sailors' wives, who often want to be conveyed to one port or another, after our husbands, if everybody had your feelings?"

"My feelings, you see, did not prevent my taking Mrs. Harville, and all her family, to Plymouth."

"But I hate to hear you talking so, like a fine gentleman, and as if women were all fine ladies, instead of rational creatures. We none of us expect to be in smooth water all our days."

"Ah, my dear," said the admiral, "when he has got a wife, he will sing a different tune. When he is

married, if we have the good luck to live to another war, we shall see him do as you and I, and a great many others, have done. We shall have him very thankful to anybody that will bring him his wife."

"Ay, that we shall."

"Now, I have done," cried Captain Wentworth. "When once married people begin to attack me with—'Oh, you will think very differently when you are married', I can only say, 'No, I shall not'; and then they say again, 'Yes, you will', and there is an end of it."

He got up and moved away.

"What a great traveller you must have been, ma'am!" said Mrs. Musgrove to Mrs. Croft.

"Pretty well, ma'am, in the fifteen years of my marriage; though many women have done more. I have crossed the Atlantic four times, and have been once to the East Indies, and back again, and only once; besides being in different places about home—Cork, and Lisbon, and Gibraltar. But I never went beyond the Straits, and never was in the West Indies. We do not call Bermuda or Bahama, you know, the West Indies."

Mrs. Musgrove had not a word to say in dissent; she could not accuse herself of having ever called them anything in the whole course of her life.

"And I do assure you, ma'am," pursued Mrs. Croft, "that nothing can exceed the accommodations of a man-of-war; I speak, you know, of the higher rates. When you come to a frigate, of course, you are more confined; though any reasonable woman may be perfectly happy in one of them; and I can safely say, that the happiest part of my life has been spent on board a ship. While we were together, you know, there was nothing to be feared. Thank God! I have always been blessed with excellent health, and no climate disagrees with me. A

little disordered always the first twenty-four hours of going to sea, but never knew what sickness was afterwards. The only time that I ever really suffered in body or mind, the only time that I ever fancied myself unwell, or had any ideas of danger, was the winter that I passed by myself at Deal, when the admiral (*Captain Croft* then) was in the North Seas. I lived in perpetual fright at that time, and had all manner of imaginary complaints from not knowing what to do with myself, or when I should hear from him next; but as long as we could be together, nothing ever ailed me, and I never met with the smallest inconvenience."

"Ay, to be sure. Yes, indeed, oh yes, I am quite of your opinion, Mrs. Croft," was Mrs. Musgrove's hearty answer. "There is nothing so bad as a separation. I am quite of your opinion. I know what it is, for Mr. Musgrove always attends the assizes, and I am so glad when they are over, and he is safe back again."

The evening ended with dancing. On its being proposed Anne offered her services, as usual; and though her eyes would sometimes fill with tears as she sat at the instrument, she was extremely glad to be employed, and desired nothing in return but to be unobserved.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Simple vernacular English.
 2. Extensive vocabulary.
 3. Sustained interest, due to exact delineation of character by means of commonplace conversation.
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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(1771-1832.)

FROM "IVANHOE".

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders, I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds."

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand—Look again, there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf!" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf," answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they

bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!”

“Think not of that,” replied Ivanhoe; “this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield?—who push their way?”

“The ladders are thrown down,” replied Rebecca, shuddering; “the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—The besieged have the better.”

“Saint George strike for us!” said the knight; “do the false yeomen give way?”

“No!” exclaimed Rebecca, “they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers.”

“By Saint John of Acre,” said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, “methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed.”

“The postern gate shakes,” continued Rebecca; “it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—Oh God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!”

“The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?” exclaimed Ivanhoe.

“No,” replied Rebecca, “the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.”

“What do they now, maiden?” said Ivanhoe; “look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed.”

“It is over for the time,” said Rebecca; “our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen’s shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them.”

“Our friends,” said Wilfred, “will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe has rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron.—Singular,” he again muttered to himself, “if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do*,—a fetter-lock, and a shackle-bolt on a field sable—what may that mean?—seest thou nought else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?”

“Nothing,” said the Jewess; “all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds.”

“Rebecca,” said Ivanhoe, “thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat—Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprise; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour

of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas!" said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health—How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry, to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the mellay is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish to live no longer than while we are victorious and renowned—Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire of Moloch?—What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe; "Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory?" continued Rebecca; "alas, is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly

read to the inquiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?”

“By the soul of Hereward!” replied the knight impatiently, “thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honour; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprise which sanctions his flame. Chivalry?—why, maiden, it is the nurse of pure and high affection—the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant—Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword.”

“I am indeed,” said Rebecca, “sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight,—until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabæus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war.”

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honour, and incapable of expressing sentiments of honour and generosity.

“How little he knows this bosom,” she said, “to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must need be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God’s chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the proudest Nazarene maiden, that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!”

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

“He sleeps,” she said; “nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moments of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time?—When yet but a short space, and those fair features will be no longer animated by the bold and buoyant spirit which forsakes them not even in sleep?—When the nostril shall be distended, the mouth agape, the eyes fixed and blood-shot; and when the proud and noble knight may be trodden on by the lowest caitiff of this accursed castle, yet stir not when the heel is lifted up against him!—And my father!—oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter, when his gray hairs are not remembered because of the golden locks of youth!—What know I but that these evils are the messengers of Jehovah’s

wrath to the unnatural child, who thinks of a stranger's captivity before a parent's? who forgets the desolation of Judah, and looks upon the comeliness of a Gentile and a stranger?—But I will tear this folly from my heart, though every fibre bleed as I rend it away.”

She wrapped herself closely in her veil, and sat down at a distance from the couch of the wounded knight, with her back turned towards it, fortifying or endeavouring to fortify her mind, not only against the impending evils from without, but also against those treacherous feelings which assailed her from within.

Points to Note in Style.

1. Vocabulary varied, owing to frequent use of antique words.
2. Occasional poetical passages, introducing alliteration.
3. References and allusions, showing wide and deep historical knowledge.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

(1816–1855.)

FROM “JANE EYRE”. (1847.)

October, November, December passed away. One afternoon in January, Mrs. Fairfax had begged a holiday for Adèle, because she had a cold; and, as Adèle seconded the request with an ardour that reminded me how precious occasional holidays had been to me in my childhood, I accorded it, deeming that I did well in showing pliability on the point. It was a fine, calm day, though very cold; I was tired of sitting still in the library through a whole long morning: Mrs. Fairfax had just written a letter which was waiting to be posted, so I put on my bonnet and cloak and volunteered to carry it to Hay; the distance, two miles, would be a

pleasant winter-afternoon walk. Having seen Adèle comfortably seated in her little chair by Mrs. Fairfax's parlour fireside, and given her her best wax doll (which I usually kept enveloped in silver paper in a drawer) to play with, and a story-book for change of amusement; and having replied to her "*Revenez bientôt, ma bonne amie, ma chère Mlle Jeannette*", with a kiss, I set out.

The ground was hard, the air was still, my road was lonely; I walked fast till I got warm, and then I walked slowly to enjoy and analyse the species of pleasure brooding for me in the hour and situation. It was three o'clock; the church bell tolled as I passed under the belfry: the charm of the hour lay in its approaching dimness, in the low-gliding and pale-beaming sun. I was a mile from Thornfield, in a lane noted for wild roses in summer, for nuts and blackberries in autumn, and even now possessing a few coral treasures in hips and haws, but whose best winter delight lay in its utter solitude and leafless repose. If a breath of air stirred, it made no sound here; for there was not a holly, not an evergreen to rustle, and the stripped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white, worn stones which causewayed the middle of the path. Far and wide, on each side, there were only fields, where no cattle now browsed; and the little brown birds, which stirred occasionally in the hedge, looked like single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop.

This lane inclined uphill all the way to Hay: having reached the middle, I sat down on a stile, which led thence into a field. Gathering my mantle about me, and sheltering my hands in my muff, I did not feel the cold, though it froze keenly; as was attested by a sheet of ice covering the causeway, where a little brooklet, now congealed, had overflowed after a rapid thaw some days since. From my seat I could look down on Thornfield:

the gray and battlemented hall was the principal object in the vale below me; its woods and dark rookery rose against the west. I lingered till the sun went down amongst the trees, and sank crimson and clear behind them. I then turned eastward.

On the hill-top above me sat the rising moon; pale yet as a cloud, but brightening momentarily: she looked over Hay, which, half lost in trees, sent up a blue smoke from its few chimneys; it was yet a mile distant, but in the absolute hush I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life. My ear too felt the flow of currents; in what dales and depths I could not tell: but there were many hills beyond Hay, and doubtless many becks threading their passes. That evening calm betrayed alike the tinkle of the nearest streams, the sough of the most remote.

A rude noise broke on these fine ripplings and whisperings, at once so far away and so clear: a positive tramp, tramp: a metallic clatter, which effaced the soft wave-wanderings; as, in a picture, the solid mass of a crag, or the rough boles of a great oak, drawn in dark and strong on the foreground, efface the aerial distance of azure hill, sunny horizon, and blended clouds, where tint melts into tint.

The din was on the causeway: a horse was coming; the windings of the lane yet hid it, but it approached. I was just leaving the stile; yet, as the path was narrow, I sat still to let it go by. In those days I was young, and all sorts of fancies bright and dark tenanted my mind: the memories of nursery stories were there amongst other rubbish; and when they recurred, maturing youth added to them a vigour and vividness beyond what childhood could give. As this horse approached, and as I watched for it to appear through the dusk, I remembered certain of Bessie's tales, wherein figured a North-of-England spirit, called a "Gytrash"; which, in

the form of a horse, mule, or large dog, haunted solitary ways, and sometimes came upon belated travellers, as this horse was now coming upon me.

It was very near, but not yet in sight; when, in addition to the tramp, tramp, I heard a rush under the hedge, and close down by the hazel stems glided a great dog, whose black and white colour made him a distinct object against the trees. It was exactly one mask of Bessie's Gytrash,—a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge head: it passed me, however, quietly enough; not staying to look up, with strange pretercanine eyes, in my face, as I half expected it would. The horse followed,—a tall steed, and on its back a rider. The man, the human being, broke the spell at once. Nothing ever rode the Gytrash: it was always alone; and goblins, to my notions, though they might tenant the dumb carcasses of beasts, could scarce covet shelter in the commonplace human form. No Gytrash was this,—only a traveller taking the short cut to Millcote. He passed, and I went on; a few steps, and I turned: a sliding sound and an exclamation of "What the deuce is to do now?" and a clattering tumble, arrested my attention. Man and horse were down; they had slipped on the sheet of ice which glazed the causeway. The dog came bounding back, and seeing his master in a predicament, and hearing the horse groan, barked till the evening hills echoed the sound, which was deep in proportion to his magnitude. He snuffed round the prostrate group, and then he ran up to me; it was all he could do,—there was no other help at hand to summon. I obeyed him, and walked down to the traveller, by this time struggling himself free of his steed. His efforts were so vigorous, I thought he could not be much hurt; but I asked him the question:—

"Are you injured, sir?"

I think he was swearing, but am not certain; how-

ever, he was pronouncing some formula which prevented him from replying to me directly.

"Can I do anything?" I asked again.

"You must just stand on one side," he answered as he rose, first to his knees, and then to his feet. I did; whereupon began a heaving, stamping, clattering process, accompanied by a barking and baying which removed me effectually some yards distance; but I would not be driven quite away till I saw the event. This was finally fortunate; the horse was re-established, and the dog was silenced with a "Down, Pilot!" The traveller now, stooping, felt his foot and leg, as if trying whether they were sound; apparently something ailed them, for he halted to the stile whence I had just risen, and sat down.

I was in the mood for being useful, or at least officious, I think, for I now drew near him again.

"If you are hurt, and want help, sir, I can fetch someone either from Thornfield Hall or from Hay."

"Thank you; I shall do: I have no broken bones,—only a sprain;" and again he stood up and tried his foot, but the result extorted an involuntary "Ugh!"

Something of daylight still lingered, and the moon was waxing bright: I could see him plainly. His figure was enveloped in a riding-cloak, fur collared and steel clasped; its details were not apparent, but I traced the general points of middle height, and considerable breadth of chest. He had a dark face, with stern features and a heavy brow; his eyes and gathered eyebrows looked ireful and thwarted just now; he was past youth, but had not reached middle age; perhaps he might be thirty-five. I felt no fear of him, and but little shyness. Had he been a handsome, heroic-looking young gentleman, I should not have dared to stand thus questioning him against his will, and offering my services unasked. I had hardly ever seen a handsome youth; never in my

life spoken to one. I had a theoretical reverence and homage for beauty, elegance, gallantry, fascination; but had I met those qualities incarnate in masculine shape, I should have known instinctively that they neither had nor could have sympathy with anything in me, and should have shunned them as one would fire, lightning, or anything else that is bright but antipathetic.

If even this stranger had smiled and been good-humoured to me when I addressed him; if he had put off my offer of assistance gaily and with thanks, I should have gone on my way and not felt any vocation to renew inquiries: but the frown, the roughness of the traveller set me at my ease: I retained my station when he waved to me to go, and announced:—

“I cannot think of leaving you, sir, at so late an hour, in this solitary lane, till I see you are fit to mount your horse.”

He looked at me when I said this: he had hardly turned his eyes in my direction before.

“I should think you ought to be at home yourself,” said he, “if you have a home in this neighbourhood: where do you come from?”

“From just below; and I am not at all afraid of being out late when it is moonlight: I will run over to Hay for you with pleasure, if you wish it; indeed, I am going there to post a letter.”

“You live just below—do you mean at that house with the battlements?” pointing to Thornfield Hall, on which the moon cast a hoary gleam, bringing it out distinct and pale from the woods, that, by contrast with the western sky, now seemed one mass of shadow.

“Yes, sir.”

“Whose house is it?”

“Mr. Rochester’s.”

“Do you know Mr. Rochester?”

“No, I have never seen him.”

"He is not resident, then?"

"No."

"Can you tell me where he is?"

"I cannot."

"You are not a servant at the hall, of course. You are—" He stopped, ran his eye over my dress, which, as usual, was quite simple: a black merino cloak, a black beaver bonnet; neither of them half fine enough for a lady's-maid. He seemed puzzled to decide what I was: I helped him.

"I am the governess."

"Ah, the governess!" he repeated; "deuce take me, if I had not forgotten! The governess!" and again my raiment underwent scrutiny. In two minutes he rose from the stile: his face expressed pain when he tried to move.

"I cannot commission you to fetch help," he said; "but you may help me a little yourself, if you will be so kind."

"Yes, sir."

"You have not an umbrella that I can use as a stick?"

"No."

"Try to get hold of my horse's bridle and lead him to me: you are not afraid?"

I should have been afraid to touch a horse when alone, but when told to do it, I was disposed to obey. I put down my muff on the stile, and went up to the tall steed; I endeavoured to catch the bridle, but it was a spirited thing, and would not let me come near its head; I made effort on effort, though in vain; meantime, I was mortally afraid of its trampling fore-feet. The traveller waited and watched for some time, and at last he laughed.

"I see," he said, "the mountain will never be brought to Mahomet, so all you can do is to aid Mahomet to go to the mountain; I must beg of you to come here."

I came. "Excuse me," he continued; "necessity compels me to make you useful. He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder, and leaning on me with some stress, limped to his horse. Having once caught the bridle, he mastered it directly, and sprang to his saddle; grimacing grimly as he made the effort, for it wrenched his sprain.

"Now," said he, releasing his under lip from a hard bite, "just hand me my whip; it lies there under the hedge."

I sought it and found it.

"Thank you; now make haste with the letter to Hay, and return as fast as you can."

A touch of a spurred heel made his horse first start and rear, and then bound away; the dog rushed in his traces: all three vanished,

"Like heath that, in the wilderness,
The wild wind whirls away".

I took up my muff and walked on. The incident had occurred and was gone for me: it *was* an incident of no moment, no romance, no interest in a sense; yet it marked with change one single hour of a monotonous life. My help had been needed and claimed; I had given it: I was pleased to have done something; trivial, transitory though the deed was, it was yet an active thing, and I was weary of an existence all passive. The new face, too, was like a new picture introduced to the gallery of memory; and it was dissimilar to all the others hanging there: firstly, because it was masculine; and secondly, because it was dark, strong, and stern. I had it still before me when I entered Hay, and slipped the letter into the post-office; I saw it as I walked fast downhill all the way home. When I came to the stile, I stopped a minute, looked round and listened, with an idea that a horse's hoofs might ring on the causeway

again, and that a rider in a cloak, and a Gytrash-like Newfoundland dog, might be again apparent: I saw only the hedge and a pollard willow before me, rising up still and straight to meet the moonbeams; I heard only the faintest waft of wind roaming fitful among the trees round Thornfield, a mile distant; and when I glanced down in the direction of the murmur, my eye, traversing the hall-front, caught a light kindling in a window; it reminded me that I was late, and I hurried on.

I did not like re-entering Thornfield. To pass its threshold was to return to stagnation; to cross the silent hall, to ascend the darksome staircase, to seek my own lonely little room, and then to meet tranquil Mrs. Fairfax, and spend the long winter evening with her, and her only, was to quell wholly the faint excitement wakened by my walk,—to slip again over my faculties the viewless fetters of an uniform and too still existence; of an existence whose very privileges of security and ease I was becoming incapable of appreciating. What good it would have done me at that time to have been tossed in the storms of an uncertain struggling life, and to have been taught by rough and bitter experience to long for the calm amidst which I now repined! Yes, just as much good as it would do a man tired of sitting still in a “too easy chair” to take a long walk: and just as natural was the wish to stir, under my circumstances, as it would be under his.

I lingered at the gates; I lingered on the lawn; I paced backwards and forwards on the pavement: the shutters of the glass door were closed; I could not see into the interior: and both my eyes and spirit seemed drawn from the gloomy house—from the gray hollow filled with rayless cells, as it appeared to me—to that sky expanded before me,—a blue sea absolved from taint of cloud; the moon ascending it in solemn march;

her orb seeming to look up as she left the hill tops, from behind which she had come, far and farther below her, and aspired to the zenith, midnight-dark in its fathomless depth and measureless distance: and for those trembling stars that followed her course; they made my heart tremble, my veins glow when I viewed them. Little things recall us to earth: the clock struck in the hall; that sufficed; I turned from moon and stars, opened a side-door, and went in.

The hall was not dark, nor yet was it lit, only by the high-hung bronze lamp: a warm glow suffused both it and the lower steps of the oak staircase. This ruddy shine issued from the great dining-room, whose two-leaved door stood open, and showed a genial fire in the grate, glancing on marble hearth and brass fire-irons, and revealing purple draperies and polished furniture, in the most pleasant radiance. It revealed, too, a group near the mantel-piece: I had scarcely caught it, and scarcely become aware of a cheerful mingling of voices, amongst which I seemed to distinguish the tones of Adèle, when the door closed.

I hastened to Mrs. Fairfax's room; there was a fire there too, but no candle, and no Mrs. Fairfax. Instead, all alone, sitting upright on the rug, and gazing with gravity at the blaze, I beheld a great black and white long-haired dog, just like the Gytrash of the lane. It was so like that I went forward and said,—

“Pilot”, and the thing got up and came to me and snuffed me. I caressed him, and he wagged his great tail: but he looked an eerie creature to be alone with, and I could not tell whence he had come. I rang the bell, for I wanted a candle; and I wanted, too, to get an account of this visitant. Leah entered.

“What dog is this?”

“He came with master.”

“With whom?”

"With master—Mr. Rochester—he is just arrived."

"Indeed! and is Mrs. Fairfax with him?"

"Yes, and Miss Adela; they are in the dining-room, and John is gone for a surgeon: for master has had an accident; his horse fell and his ankle is sprained."

"Did the horse fall in Hay Lane?"

"Yes, coming downhill; it slipped on some ice."

"Ah! Bring me a candle, will you, Leah?"

Leah brought it; she entered followed by Mrs. Fairfax, who repeated the news; adding that Mr. Carter the surgeon was come, and was now with Mr. Rochester: then she hurried out to give orders about tea, and I went upstairs to take off my things.

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